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Poetry.

For the Blade.

MY AIN LASSIE.

FRANK P. RENO.

I've a sonsie brown-eyed lassie,
Sic anither ne'er was seen;
She's a witchin, winsome fairy,
Is my bonnie lassie Jean.
Gang awa' wi blue-blud gentles,
Gin ye've rank; I dinna care;
Siller, gowd, an' empty titles
Winna wi my Jean compare.

She's as plyant as the breckan
Springin up frae mossy braes;
An' her cheeks are twa twin gowans,
In her e'en are twa troops o' fays.
Syne her haun's are sma' an' shapely,
Whyles sae snawie is her brow;
Breat an' braw is ilka haffet,
Twa pink rase-leaves is her mow',

Oh, her sparklin' e'e sae wyles me
That I wadna noo be free;
Sae I tauld this gentry lassie
Sic haen steun wy my heart frae me.
How my bosom thirled whyles speakin',
Aft she laughed an' turned awa',
But she maun hae meant it kindly,
Sin' her tears began to fa'.

Her distress oppressed me sairly;
I could nae resist her charms,
Sae I clasped my sonsie lassie
O! fu' closely in my arms.
Syne I kissed her lips sae fondly,
An' the tears frae out her e'en;
There was never sic anither
As my ain sweet baby Jean!

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

You may take the world as it comes and goes
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the accounts she owes,
Whoever comes out behind;
And all things bad that a man has done,
By whatsoever induced,
Return at last to him, one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save
While your hoarded wealth expands,
Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave
Is nearing your life's last sands;
You will have your balances struck some night,
And you'll find your hoard reduced,
You'll view your life in another light
When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart
With the husks of a barren creed,
But Christ will know if you play a part—
Will know in your hour of need;
And then, as you wait for death to come,
What hope can there be deduced
From a creed alone? You will lie there dumb
While your chickens come home to roost.

So as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and the bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell.
And every wrong will find its place,
And every passion loosed
Drifts back to meet you face to face
When the chickens came home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod,
The result will be the same:
You cannot escape the hand of God—
You must bear your own shame.
No matter what's carved on a marble slab,
When the items are all produced
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping "tab,"
And the chickens come home to roost.

WHY WOMAN BLUSHES.

BURGESS TRUESDELL.

When man in loneliness reposing,
A voice from that mysterious nap,
And saw with wondrous ease reclining,
The gentle Eve in Eden's lap,
In eager haste to greet the fair,
And all his heart's warm wishes speak,
He crushed a rose upon her cheek
That left its tint forever there.

Our Story Teller.

MY SEAL RING.

My large gold signet-ring was nowhere to be found! It was given to me by my father on the night before I left the paternal roof to commence my life as a freshman at All Saints' college, Cambridge.

"My dear George," said he that evening over our wine, "you are now going to begin life as a man."

I assumed with an air of great seriousness and responsibility and readily acquiesced. My father went on in the most orthodox and paternal way:

"You will meet various temptations, as perhaps you know, in your struggle through the world; but I don't think you are like the general run of young fellows, and your mother and myself have decided to do a thing which we would not be warranted in doing unless we had perfect confidence in you."

Here he paused for a few moments and sipped his wine.

"This," I thought, "means that the dear old governor is going to double my allowance." So I assured him of my intentions of rendering myself fully worthy of any unlimited amount of confidence that he might care to bestow on me.

"Yes, my dear boy," continued my father, putting down his glass, "I believe you will do your best, and in the meantime I will place in your hands the old signet-ring of our family. Here it is—be careful of it, and it may, perhaps, remind you that not only depends not only your own success in life, but the reputation of an ancient family."

I was rather crestfallen, I must confess. From the flourish of the paternal trumpet I had expected nothing less than a double allowance. However, I concealed all traces of disappointment and thanked my father very energesically, promising never to let it depart from my keeping. And now, after only a month's possession, the ring has disappeared.

I first became aware of the fact in the hall while engaged in dissecting the leg of what must have been, in his day, a most athletic turkey. I happened to glance at the little finger of my right hand, and to my horror no ring was there. I don't know why I had not noticed its absence before. I had rushed late into hall from the Union, and so perhaps that might account for it. As it was I let my knife and fork fall into the plate and stared stupidly at my finger. I felt in my pockets and brought out a large handful of silver, which, in my nervousness, I dropped, to the great discomfort of the waiter, who had to go on his hands and knees under the table to pick it up. But the ring was nowhere to be found. I fully remembered having it with me when I left my rooms; in fact, I noticed it on my hand when I "sported my oak," or, in plainer English, when I shut my outer door. Between them and dinner I had only been to the Union to wash my hands. "It must be there," I thought, and leaving the leg of the aforesaid athletic bird to remain in its pristine unsevered state, I rushed out of the hall.

In the lavatory of the Union it was nowhere to be seen. "No one had found a ring of any sort," the clerk said, but I had better put up a notice. So a notice was accordingly put up, and I returned in a thoughtful, dejected and dispirited state of mind. I went to my rooms and searched in the vague idiotic way common to every one on such occasions. I believe I even looked in the coal-box and under the grate; but, needless to say, with no success. At length, in the hopelessness of despair, I gave up the search and settled myself with a pipe in front of the fire.

A couple of days passed without any tidings of the ring. I gave it up as lost, and wrote a penitential letter to my father, which I posted with a heavy heart on my way to chapel one evening.

As in all college chapels, the seats in All Saints' were ranged longitudinally in three tiers down the building. In the first two rows sat undergraduates of the first and second years, and the top row of "stalls" was reserved for dons, bachelors and third-year men. My favorite place was the corner of one of the seats in the second tier, at the end of the building. By turning half round, which owing to the nature of my seat, was not an improper thing to do, I could obtain a complete view of the Rev. Jonathan Minchin, dean of the college, whose stall was situated above mine, and just a little to the left. He was a tall, lean man, with dull, cavernous eyes, and thin brown hair confusedly struggling over half of his head and nearly the whole of his face. The color of the latter was nearest that of a healthy mummy than anything else saving the end of his nose, which seemed to have assimilated the color of a red cotton pocket handkerchief, which he was continually applying to it. His manner was on the whole kind and courteous, though excessive nervousness sometimes got the better of his judgment, and obtained from him a certain amount of unpopularity, especially among us Freshmen, who, in our laudable efforts to catch all the summer that we could out of the flying terms, must have vexed his soul very much indeed.

While standing up in chapel my attention used to be divided between this interesting personage, the various carvings in wood and stone, and, of course, my prayer-book. I used to gaze—when he was not looking—on his stuffy-looking face and wonder if ever I should become like that when I was a don. I am not a don yet, by the way, nor is there any likelihood of my ever attaining to the privileges of the high table; but these were dreams of my first Freshman's term, when the Tripos was a vague idea, hidden in the distant future, and when everything else was bright and hopeful.

No; everything was not bright and hopeful that evening when I went in the chapel after posting the letter. I had violated the confidence my father had reposed in me, and I had the prospect before me of a tremendous outburst of wrath on his part for so doing. It was in no humor to attend to the Psalms, or even to my friend Dollman's facetious remarks, which he artfully made during the response verses; bt I put my hands in my pockets beneath my surplice and commenced my usual investigation of the deen. My eyes fell upon his white hand, doubled up on the cushion beside his prayerbook, and also, to my intense bewilderment, on a signet ring adorning his little finger.

It was my ring!

I literally gasped for breath. That it was my ring there could be no mistake. My eyes were only a few inches off from it, and I recognized every familiar mark. There was the curiously chased thick rim and the large bloodstone seal; and there, carved on it, was the crest of the Sherwood family—a shaggy-maned fabulous animal, a griffin, I think, with a serpent's sting protruding from its mouth, and a castle tower round its neck by way of collar. The more I looked the more impossible I felt it was that I could be mistaken. Suddenly Mr. Minchin caught my gaze fixed on the ring, and hastily drew his hand under the sleeve of his surplice. His other hand fidgeted nervously with the tassel of the cushion; and when the words of the Psalm he and his eye steadily on his prayer book. After the first lesson, when we all rose for the Magnificat, I saw that both of his hands were visible, but the ring had disappeared. I puzzled over the matter for the whole of the evening, and took Dollman in his confidence; but Dollman chose to be what he considered funny, and gave me no advice at all.

"It would be an awful spree," he remarked, "to have him up—detectives, handcuffs, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Next morning we'd have in the papers, 'Alleged Fraudulent and Daring Robbery by a Don, or Shocking Conduct of a Dean; Disrefined Outrage——'"

"Do be quiet, and don't talk nonsense," I said, testily. "Can't you see that I'm in a fix?"

"It would be an awful joke," he continued; and I could get nothing else out of him for the rest of the evening.

I passed a wretched night. My slumbers were disturbed by nightmares of rings and guilty surplieed deans, one of the most amusing of which was a vision of the Rev. Jonathan Minchin struggling hard with a castellated collar, which seemed to have been changed from the griffin's neck to his.

I rose late, and was just finishing breakfast when my gyp, a little bald-headed, bandy-legged old man, came in. He deposited his old top-hat, with his handkerchief inside, in a corner of the room near the door, and advanced toward the breakfast table.

"Good mornin', sir," said he. "Very strange thing, sir, but, beggin' yer pardon, sir, I think I see a ring yesterday very much like the one you lost, sir," and he held his head on one side just like an old parrot.

"Did you really, Juggins!" I exclaimed. "Where did you see it?"

"That's where it's strange, sir," answered Juggins, panting with the coffee-pot in his hand, "I told you afore, sir, that I waits upon Mr. Minchin; and—and—sir—"

"And you saw the ring in his rooms?" I interrupted, with a judicial air.

"Yes, Sir; that' is what I was a going' to say, Sir," replied Juggins, looking rather relieved, "very strange thing, sir. Never see any joolery in Mr. Minchin's rooms afore. Peculiar, ain't it, sir?" and Juggins went on clearing away the breakfast things.

Now, all of this happened in my first term, when my ideas of the rules of dons and their social amusements and customs were decidedly vague. I might venture to say without much exaggeration that I knew more about the South Sea Islander than about a college don; and my own tutor filled me with greater awe than the king, queen and all the royal family of the Cannibal Islands could possibly have done. I have since learned that the average don is a man like any one else, and that, far from spending his life in feasting at the high table, or drinking old port in the common-room, he does more work in the course of the day than any six average undergraduates, and, judging from my gyp's account, our Dean's daily labors must have equaled those of the whole undergraduate part of the university put together.

Among the other gentlemen on whom my gyp waited, the only don was the Rev. Jonathan Minchin, and, thirsting for ethnological information, I used, very reprehensibly, to encourage him to gossip about his habits and habits of that reverend gentleman. Juggins, being of a loquacious disposition, was never averse to a friendly chat, especially if there was any chance of its leading up to a quart of ale, which, in defiance of our dean's Blue Ribbon precepts, it not infrequently did. In this way there existed between myself and my bandy-legged attendant. Hitherto all the confidences had come from him to me, and now I thought there would be no harm in reversing the proceedings; so, in the fulness of my heart I told him all I knew concerning the disappearance of the ring. This course of action, I confess, was rather *infra dig.*, but again I must bring forward my former excuse as an excuse.

"Werry peculiar, sir," said Juggins, when I had finished. "Perhaps Mr. Minchin may have picked it up in the Union."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, suddenly jumping up and pacing the room in a frantic manner. "How foolish! how on earth could I have forgotten? I see it all now; of course I see it!"

"Have you found it now, sir?" asked Juggins, evidently astonished at my vehemence.

"No!" I replied; "but I remember now—how stupid not to have thought of it before!—that while I was brushing my hair Mr. Minchin came in the room and rinsed his hands in my hot basin to the one which I had been using. He only remained a moment or two, so that I forgot all about it until now."

"That don't look much like findin', do it, sir?" said Juggins in alarmed manner; "more like——"

"Stop, Juggins." I returned, "we must not be too rash; and, mind you, for goodness sake, don't say a syllable to any one."

So Juggins promised, and I fully believe he's kept his word.

A morning or two afterward I was smoking my after-breakfast pipe and reading over again a letter from my father; he was very angry in a state of furious wrath, and prophesied for me a future feompared with which the career of Hogarth's idle apprentice would simply be noble and honorable in the highest degree. I had proved myself utterly unworthy of trust, and he ought to have known me better than to put the ring into my hands. He expected shortly to hear, etc. My father is a dear old governor, but he has a temper of his own, which sometimes, especially when it is directed toward myself, makes me quite sorry for him. I was glancing over this epistle in front of the fire, meditating a reply, when my door opened, and Juggins made his appearance with a scrap of paper in his hand. He did not put his hat down, as was his unvaried wont, but stood in a nervous way turning it round and round. There was evidently something out of the common in question.

"Anything the matter?" I asked.

"Mum', sir," replied Juggins, in a hesitating manner, "mornin', sir. I think I have done something I didn't ought to, sir, but I found this 'ere paper, sir," and he handed me what seemed the remainining end of a burned letter.

I took it lazily from him, but no sooner had my eye fallen on the writing than my attention was painfully concentrated on it. It ran as follows:

——— need you make such a fuss about the ring? Why not have the old seal taken out and a new one put in? No one would be a bit the wiser. Yours, AMELIA GI———.

Juggins had found it, when he was making the Dean's fire that morning, laying on the trivet. He would scorn—so he said—prying into the gentleman's letters; but his eye caught the words "ring" and "seal" on this scrap of paper, and so he had brought it to me. He implored me not to say anything about it, as he would lose his place if found out, and he had a wife and family to support.

I felt inclined to say that the less Mrs. J. was supported the better; for she was my bed maker, and a more unintelligent creature I am sure never harrassed the soul of man. A human being who could put methylated spirits into my lamp instead of kerosene oil, and then be cross when I gently expostulated with her, does not deserve support. I did not tell him this, but assured him magnificently that he should not suffer, and consoled him with a quart of beer.

I wrote to my father, informing him of the proof I had against the dean. It was a clear case. I leave my ring for a moment on the ledge above the row of basins in the lavatory of the Union. The dean comes in, catches sight of my property, and immediately walks off with it. I see my ring two days afterward on his finger, and my gyp also sees it on his dressing table. He is evidently nervous, and takes some person of the fair sex into his confidence. She, in a letter, part of which is found, advises him to have the seal changed, and no one would know anything about it. In the olden days it was quite evidence enough to hang him. My father's reply was characteristic:

"The idea of Mr. Minchin being a thief," he wrote, "is simply preposterous. As to your seeing it on his hand, and as to the mysteriously burned letter—to read which was infamously ungentlemanly-like on your part—all I can say is summed up in one word, and that is—bosh!"

This was decidedly depressing for me. I could expect no help from home, and I determined to take the matter into my own hands. What was I to do? I could not act upon that idiot Dollman's advice and go to the dean and say, "Please, sir, you've got my ring, and please, sir, I want it." Neither did I feel inclined to drag the police into the affair; in fact, such a course would be out of the question. I saw no method of pursuing any definite course of action; so with a prudence worthy os Scotland Yard, I determined to let the thing drop for the present. Meanwhile I kept as much out of the way of the dean as possible. I changed my seat in chapel, and took especial care to "keep" the requisite number of weekly attendances. The uneventful days passed on, and term was drawing to its close. The "little go"—which, as everybody knows, is an ordeal that must be gone through by all undergrades except a privileged few—was at hand, and I was reading violently in order to pass it. But, mingled with Parley's Evidences and Euclid's Elements, vague sinister ideas as regards my ring were continually passing through my brain.

One morning these ideas were brought together into a definite form. Juggings was, as usual, clearing away the remains of breakfast, and talkative as ever.

"D'you know, sir," he remarked casually, "I see that ring this mornin' agen, sir."

"Dear me!" I replied from the depths of my arm-chair. "Where was it?"

On Mr. Minchin's dressin'-table, sir."

"Hum!" I said, and went on with my reading. Juggins disappeared into my bedroom, and left me in possession of a daring plan.

"Juggins," said I again, when that worthy reappeared, "could you manage to let me have a look at that ring? Come now!" and I stood up and laid my hand on his shoulder.

Juggins looked positively aghast. I never imagined that his muddled-up features could have assumed so vivid an expression.

"That would cost me my place, sir."

"Chut!" I replied, "who's to find it out? You can put it back again. I'll give you a sovereign if you let me have a look at it."

Juggins hesitated. He was an honest man, but an English sovereign is a sovereign all the world over, and it exercised its due sway upon his prejudices.

"Very well, sir," he said at length, "I'll try, but if I lose my place I'll come to you, sir," and he retired gracefully from the scene.

The next morning I was roused from my slumbers by Juggins entering my bedroom.

"I've found it, sir," he said in a hoarse whisper. "The dean's at morning chapel. I found it—"

"Where?"

"In his breeches-pocket, sir," he replied tragically.

This was rather comic, but I restrained all signs of amusement, and gravely examined the ring. It was not mistaken; it was the identical ring which my father had given me. I had it now in my own hands, and resolved to make a grand effort.

"Look here, Juggins," I said calmly, "I've got the ring now and am not disposed to let it go again."

This frightened my gyp to such an extent that he could hardly speak. He stammered out something relative to his ruin and his wife and family; but I preserved my stern demeanor, and continued:

"I'm going to keep the ring now, and you can do one of two things, you can either report the matter to the dean, or you can go back this moment, leave a hole through the pocket of the trousers in which you found the ring, earn five pounds, and never know anything at all about the matter."

Juggins was in an agony of despair. He implored me to give him back the ring—even engaged himself to claim it from the dean as my property—he would do anything if I would only give it him back. But I was stern as the villain in a three-volume novel, and had Juggins in my power. With a sorrowful air he pocketed the bank note and left me to continue my slumbers. But sleep did not visit my eyelids again that morning. I was delighted at the success of my scheme, and, in the exuberance of my feelings, I at once got up, and, regardless of the untidied and fireless state of my sitting room, wrote a long flowing letter to my father.

Nevertheless, with all my triumph, certain fears arose within me as to the warrantableness of my proceedings, and I was very much relieved when Juggins informed me, later on in the day, that the dean had taken the loss very quietly. He merely asked the gyp if he had seen a ring anywhere about the rooms, and, hearing that he had not, simply remarked that he must have dropped it, as he had discovered a hole in his pocket. So nothing more was heard of it that term. I left Cambridge, and convinced my father of Mr. Minchin's nefarious ways. My carelessness in losing it was excused, and I was commended for my vigilance in securing it again; and, in fact, the industrious apprentice himself could not have held a candle to me.

The two succeeding terms passed in their uneventful way. The "little go" was already a nightmare of the past. The May term, with all its gayety, had been danced and boated away long ago, and the long vacation was offering me all its delights. One of the chief of these was the prospect of a visit to an old friend of my father's—a widower, with a delightful old country house in Devonshire, and the sweetest and prettiest of daughtrs in charge thereof.

When, in the fullness of time, I arrived there, the house was full of visitors. So full that, on the first evening, at least, I found no opportunity whatever of saying any of those pretty, tender little speeches which I had prepared long beforehand for the benefit of sweet Lucy Underward, my host's only daughter. If I did repeat them, they were lost in the desert air, as exemplified by the blank minds of two simpering, commonplace young ladies, and the unromantic heart of an elderly, strong-minded spinster, whose conversation, though learned, was most femininely illogical, but whose looks suggested the complete works of Jerome, Mill and Aristotle put together. She was one of those ladies who always suggest to me the whole essence of boarding school, or a complete Child's Guide to Knowledge, with an appendix for adults thrown in. She had exhausted all my stock of ready information, and was fixing my attention to the utmost, when, to my great relief, my worthy host came up. He brought with him a fresh victim to be offered up to Miss McGrinder's encyclopedic thirst, and liberated me. I was departing from my oppressor, when Mr. Underward caught him by the arm.

"I want to introduce you to Mrs. Gibbons," he said. "She is awfully nice, and you must know her."

"Delighted, I'm sure. Is she that pretty woman sitting on the sofa?"

"Yes," he returned, as we were crossing the room. "I want you to know her, as she is soon going to be married to a Mr. Minchin—dean of your college, I think."

"What!" I exclaimed, rather recoiling. But there was no getting out of it, and I was duly presented.

She was a handsome woman of about five-and-thirty, with a bright complexion and gray eyes that insisted on being lively in spite of a certain expression of sadness in them. Her manner was charming and naive; and, although my introduction to her was against my will—recalling, as it did, such unpleasant reminiscences—she put me at my ease at once. After a few minutes I was quiet enchanted with my new acquaintance, and found myself talking to her as if I had known her for years.

"Are you one of the Sherwoods of Derbyshire?" she asked apropos of my mentioning some incident occurring in that my native county.

"I have the nonor to be the eldest son of the present representative of that family," I replied smiling.

"How very odd—"

"Oh! Mrs. Gibbons, every one has commissioned me to ask you to play something," exclaimed Lucy Underwood, coming up and breaking in upon our conversation. "Your playing is so lovely, and we don't often get such a treat down here."

"I'm very sorry for you," replied Mrs. Gibbons, rising. "You must be in a bad way, my dear; but I am always happy to make myself useful."

"And were it not so hackneyed, I should add ornamental, if I can be allowed to say so," I remarked as I led her to the piano.

"They don't teach you such pretty speeches up at Cambridge, I'm sure," she returned, with a bright smile, and settled herself in front of the instrument.

She played, with an exquisite feeling, some of Chopin's charming little *etudes*, and I turned over the pages almost in a dream. A subdued chorus of "Thank you's," which might have meant anything, greeted her when she had finished.

"This is a pleasure I never dreamed of," said I in a low tone.

She took no notice of my tribute to her powers; but, running her fingers lightly over the keys, turned to me, and said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Sherwood—I hope you won't think it strange—but is that a family ring you have on your finger?"

I was taken by surprise. What on earth could she have to do with my ring. However, I remarked that it belonged to my father as head of the family, and I politely handed it to her to look at. She examined it carefully.

"How very remarkable!" she replied, giving it back to me, "A most remarkable coincidence. Do you know, I sent a ring, the *fac simile* of this, last October, to Mr. Minchin, of All Saints' college, Cambridge, with he lost in a most mysterious manner."

My heart gave a big thump. My whole inner man seemed to be about to emulate the Scriptural devils, and leap out of my mouth. The whole room was turning round.

"What!" I exclaimed; and then added in a confused, stammering fashion, "You don't mean to say that you sent this ring to—"

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Gibbons, smiling. "How could I? But I sent a ring the exact counterpart of this."

"But how did you get it?" I asked, recovering a little self-control with a great effort.

"I suppose that seems strange to you," she answered. "I was just going to tell you, when Miss Underwood claimed my services, how odd it was that I should meet you. I think I am a very distant cousin of yours."

I bowed and smiled in a vague and feeble way, mumbling out my delight at discovering so fair a relative. Mrs. Gibbons continued:

"My mother's maiden name was Sherwood, and she, on her death, left me a family signet-ring, just like yours."

I stuck manfully to my vague, fatuitous smile, but my brain was whirling round and round. At that moment Miss Underwood came up to the piano.

"You are not going to leave off so soon, Mrs. Gibbons?"

"Why will you use such awful formally?" replied that lady, turning round. "Why not call me Amelia?"

Amelia! I could wait no longer. What apologies I made or how I left the room I know not to this day. I got out somehow, and rushed madly up stairs, almost frightening to death on the way a servant with a tray full of china. I heard a confused mingle of cups and saucers behind me and fled into my bedroom.

What an utter and complete ass I had been making of myself! I opened my pocket-book and took out a burned piece of note-paper. There was the signature—"Amelia Gi——," and down stairs was the writer thereof—Mrs. Amelia Gibbons. The whole mystery was solved. Mr. Minchin had no more committed a theft than—gracious heavens! But I had been a thief all the time! I had committed a felony in the eyes of the law. The bare idea filled me with horror, and the cold perspiration stood in big drops upon my forehead. What was I to do? Apparently nothing but to rail against my fate. It was all Juggins's fault, I concluded, after the first few cool minutes of reflection; and I made use of very bad language indeed with reference to that estimable personage. Could I explain matters amicably? was my next thought? Could I give Mrs. Gibbons back the ring and treat the whole affair as a mutual misunderstanding? If I did so, what would every one think of me? I shuddered at the idea. I am ashamed to confess that I lacked the moral courage to do it. My own ring was lost entirely, beyond a doubt, and no one would be a bit the wiser if I remained in the possession of the one at present on my hand.

With this resolution I went down again to the drawing-room. There I explained my hasty flight by the invention of an important letter which was obliged to go by the last post. I carefully avoided Mrs. Gibbons for the rest of the evening, and, as the Frech say, went back to my sheep, namely, to the two lambike, commonplace young ladies above mentioned. Then in innocent prattle on lawn tennis and dancing demanded no great mental exertion on my part, and the evening passed away with no further incident. I shall draw a veil over the tortures of that sleepless night. "A quiet conscience makas one so serene," says Pope; and having no conscience at all just then, I was quite good; but a conscience fraught with guilt, and a chance, moreover, of that guilt being found out, is a decidedly unpleasant thing.

I was extremely vain next morning of the air of self-possession I assumed. I explained my general air of seediness by means of a fictitious toothache. I talked to Mrs. Gibbons in an airy way about the connection between our families, and even heard without flinching a muscle, an announcement from my host that the Rev. Jonathan Minchin, dean of All Saints' college, Cambridge, was coming down next day to make a short visit there. I had resigned myself to fate. Circumstances prevented my taking an abrupt leave of Mr. Underwood, and compelled me to prolong my visit to the bitter end.

Mr. Minchin made his appearance on the morrow, and two or three days passed very pleasantly, though his nervous and bashful way he monopolized nearly all Mrs. Gibbon's attentions, I did not grudge him his opportunity. For he showed himself to be as pleasant and unassuming a companion as one could wish, and besides Miss Lucy had a little shining quarter of an hour now and then to spare, which she improved to the best of my advantage. None but a passing reference to the ring had been made, and it came near to erasing the unpleasantness of the subject from my mind altogether. I have little doubt that I would have succeeded eventually had not an event occurred which, were it not necessary for the completion of this story, I should lock up in the cupboard in company with the rest of my family of skeletons.

On the fourth morning of Mr. Minchin's visit Mrs. Gibbons, the dean, and myself were alone in the breakfast room, the rest of the household not having yet descended. Mrs. Gibbons was sitting in my arm chair near the fireplace looking shyly up at her affianced, who was standing on the hearth-rug reading his letters. I was standing on the other side of the table engaged in the same occupation. I had just come to the end of an effectionate ill-spelled communication from a younger brother, and was putting it my pocket, when my eye fell upon a small packet which I had not hitherto noticed. It was inclosed in a registered envelope, and bore the Cambridge postmark. I opened it with some curiosity, and discovered a small card-box, containing a letter and a vast quantity of cotton-wool. At this moment Mr. Minchin sneezed until the cotton-wool and the box, cotton-wool, and everything on the floor. I heard something hard roll across the room, and was just going in search thereof, when the dean stooped down and picked it up. "Here it is, Sherwood," said he, handing me something. "But—but—wait a minute—goodness gracious! How did you get this? This is my ring!"

"No, it isn't, Jonathan," exclaimed Mrs. Gibbons. "I made the same mistake myself. Mr. Sherwood has a ring exactly like yours."

"But this one came by post and he has two!" cried Mr. Minchin, noticing the one on my hand.

Mrs. Gibbons looked from him to me in unaffected astonishment. I tried to speak, but my tongue refused to do my bidding. I have had one or two extremely *mauvais quarts d'heures* in my life; but for real, genuine, concentrated essence of misery, I recommend me to those few seconds. I stared blankly at the dean and the dean regarded me with equal amazement.

"There is some mystery in this, Mr. Sherwood," said he, relapsing into his most acadamical tones. "Will you have the goodness to elucidate?"

"One is yours and one is mine," he replied, stammering, and forcing a ghastly attempt at a smile.

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Minchin. "Will you kindly step out on the veranda with me and explain?"

There was no getting out of it now. In the schoolboy phrase, I was "in for it," and, with a beating heart, I followed him out of the room.

Never shall I forget his kindness and consideration when he had heard my story. He condemned severely the course my gyp had taken in the matter, but owned, in a pleasant way, that evidences were very strong against himself. He also owned freely that he had been rather bashful about the ring, which Mrs. Gibbons had sent him as a keepsake. So many other dons had got marrried, and chaffed all round accordingly, that he was very sensitive on the point. We then returned to the breakfast room, where I found the whole household. I read the letter inclosed in the packet. It ran as follows:

Dere Sir: I send you your ring, which my wife found it in one of them old weskits you sed I might have. We have made a grate misteak, and I am very trubbled about it. I remane, sir, yours respectfully,

PETER JUGGINS.

"Don't be too hard on Juggins, Jonathan dear," said Mrs. Gibbons, after breakfast, when she had heard the story. "He must be an honest fellow to send back the real ring."

"Well, for your sake, Amelia, I won't," said the dean, and he put his arm around her waist, when I discreetely retired.

My father, when he heard of my fiasco, conjured up the gallows as a likely end for me. He has since changed his opinion, and at present I believe I am going to be Lord Chancellor. Which of the two fates will be mine I cannot say. But of one thing am I certain—and it is that my unfortunate and wretched signet-ring shall never bring me into trouble again.—*London Society.*

A PAPER BATTLE.

Report of One That Even the "Century Magazine" Has No Account Of.

In 1863 I had my packet of news stolen from my pocket by F. D. Chapman, who published it in the New York *Herald*, and called it all a joke. One day in 1864 I boarded the train at Rappahannock station and almost the first person I encountered was the ubiquitous Chapman. He wheedled news and proceeded in a business-like manner to get it by offering me $250 for the privilege of reading my account of the operations of the army during the last few days. I was sorely tempted to accept his bribe out of sheer spite, as the news could have been of little benefit to him, since the lightning had already carried it over the wires. I took out my note book to make a memorandum, and he immediately took a seat behind me and I divined at once that his object was to read the matter I was writing. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected; so I pretended not to notice him, and being well informed as regarded the organization of the army, its corps, divisions and brigades, with their respective commanders, I set at work and in as graphic a manner as I was able, considering the jolting of the car, to describe a terrible battle alleged to have taken place on the previous day near Chancellorsville. Chapman, with the keen eyes of a lynx, copied page after page of my manuscript. Mr. Chapman's paper, in its next issue contained a glowing account of a sanguinary battle, with a list of killed and wounded not to be found on the adjutant general's muster rolls. To cap the climax, an elaborate map of the country around Chancellorsville was published, showing the respective positions of the forces engaged.—*Philadelphia Times.*

How They Dress When They Mourn.

Noting how little real importance can be attached to black as a color for mourning, the Boston *Globe* says: In various parts of England it is customary to wear white silk hat bands for young girls, and in our own country a white ribbon is hung at the handle of the street door to signify the death of a child or young unmarried woman. Violet is the mourning color of Turkey, and was also worn by the Knights of France, and at one time by the English sovereigns. It is noticeable that all these colors are used emblematically. Egypt and Burmah take yellow, in allusion to the fall and decay of the "sear and yellow leaf;" and the Persians mourn in pale brown, the color of withered leaves. Some Asiatic nations, notably the Syrians and Armenians, by their sky-blue garments express the hope that the deceased has gone to heaven. Grief was also expressed in other ways than by wearing mourning. The Jews, who sometimes protracted their mourning to 30 days, tore their clothes, smote their breasts, abstained from washing and anointing themselves, and cut off their hair and beards, while the Persians shaved not only themselves, but their horses and mules. So late as the time of Charles I many of the royalists, after his execution, as a sign of mourning allowed their beards to grow without being cut for the remainder of their lives.

The Origin of an Old Custom.

The custom of throwing one or more old shoes after the bride and groom either when they go to church to be married or when they start on their wedding journey is so old that the memory of man stretches not back to its beginning. Some think it represents an assault, and is a lingering trace of the custom among savage nations of carrying away the bride by violence. Others think that it is a relic of the ancient law of exchange and purchase, and that it formerly implied the surrender by the parents of all dominion or authority over their daughter. It has a likeness to a Jewish custom mentioned in the Bible, the *American Register* suggests. Thus in Deuteronomy we read that when the brother of a dead man refused to marry his widow she asserted her independence of him by "loosing his shoe." Also in Ruth, when the kinsman of Boaz gave up his claim to the inheritance of Ruth and to Ruth also, he indicated his assent by plucking off his shoe and giving it to Boaz. It was also the custom of the Middle Ages to place the husband's shoes on the head of the nuptial couch in token of his domination.

Sweet Intoxication of a London Season.

The London season is said by a debutante to be a collection of "royal parades," "chic" dresses, lovely slippers, silk stockings, London habits, thoroughbred horses, enchanting evening dresses, one dance with the prince, an invitation to a great house in the country, an intimacy with one quiet, attractive English girl, born to prestige and luxury, to be abused by all the other Americans, to be told that one set is "infinitely dangerous," and "to go off in August, glad that it is all over."

There is no use in warning a girl against the sweet, irrepressible intoxication of a London season. The instinctively pure and imperial nature will walk through it, repudiating the bad and selecting the good. To those who are only half good, what can be worse? The world is full of enchanting paths, vague, glorious and tempting. The young figure goes gracefully tending down one of them to her appointed evil destiny. Fortunate she, if she "brings up" in an English drawing-room.

Mrs. Foster in Failing Health.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, is announced to be in failing health, the result of overwork. For more than a dozen vacationless years she has been one of the most conspicuous and successful leaders in the temperance cause, and her eloquent voice has been heard and her organizing hand felt in almost every state and territory. She has also been the legal counsel of the Women's Christian Temperance union of the Nation. These labors she has taken upon herself for love of the cause, in addition to her extended law practice and her home and family duties. As a consequence her splendid health has been impaired, and her doctors now order her to go abroad for the summer and refrain entirely from work of all kinds. Without making any public appeal a purse has been made up by her temperance friends to defray the expenses of her trip, and she will sail for England next month.

A Teacher Was Shocked.

A teacher in a Boston primary school was instructing a class in the first rudiments of geography, and speaking of the poles, she said; "I wonder if any of you can tell me the names of the poles." "Yes, ma'am, I can," said a bright little fellow, the son of a well-known electrician. "Well, Johnny, what are they?" "Pos'tive an' neg'tive!" came the authoritative response.

Humor.

A Laugh on the Wrong Side.

A Rondout dentist relates a lively adventure he had in his office not long since, and the *Freeman* repeats the yarn:

A tall, raw-boned specimen of the Emerald Isle entered the place and asked to have a tooth pulled. The dentist told the man to take a seat in a chair. The Irishman, no matter how brave he may be in other things, proved to be a coward when it came to having a tooth extracted. Do all he could, the dentist could not induce the man to get into the chair. Finally the dentist explained to the Irishman the effect laughing gas would have on him.

The Irishman at first doubted that his aching tooth could be pulled out without his feeling it.

"Do ye mane to tell me that ye can take me tooth out an' I'll be afther laughin' at the pane win ye do it, if I take a whiff of that stuff you're talkin' about?" said he. The dentist assured him that such was the fact. The Irishman placed himself in the chair and was given a dose of the laughing gas. The tooth was quickly extracted, but just as the dentist was in the act of drawing the molar from the man's mouth, the Irishman with a wild look on his face, jumped out of the chair and began knocking things right and left and yelling, "Come on, Sullivan!"

The dentist escaped from the room into the hall, and as he tremblingly listened to the noise of the destruction going on inside, he resolved never to pull teeth for such customers again unless he fastened them securely in the chair. When the effects of the gas passed off and the Irishman became somewhat calm, the dentist picked up courage and entered the room. He surveyed the ruin that had been wrecked. The Irishman looked at him in a dazed sort of manner and cried: "An' ye call that stuff that ye pumped into me laughin' gas, do ye? Be the powers, the nixt toime ye pull a tooth for me ye'd better be afther givin' me somethin that'll only make me smolle."

It Even Affects Butter.

"Well," said the housekeeper to the grocer, "seems to me that butter's awful high all of a sudden! What makes it go up so? Cows sick?" "No'm," responded the grocer's man; "the cows are all right, the trouble's with Congress. You see, in consequence of the long haul and short haul clause of the inter-state commerce act, freights are up, and of course we have to advance butter. That's one of the laws of trade, you know. When the dealer has to pay less he charges the customer more to make up the balance. No, I mean—well, you know what I mean!"

"Ye," the housekeeper admitted in rather a dubious tone. "Well'm, in order that our customers may understand the reason for the advance in butter we have issued a neat form on the back of our cards a complete copy of the Inter State Commerce act just as it was passed by Congress."

Thereupon he placed in the housekeeper's hands a picture of four beautiful young women standing in the steam of a laundry in ecstatic contemplation of the wonders worked by "Soapem's Washoline," which it was added was sold by Smith & Co., Main street, Podunk. On the other side of the sheet was the full text of the Inter State Commerce act. The housekeeper put on her spectacles and carefully perused the bill, and yet she said she could not understand what "substantially similar and contemporaneous conditions" had to do with the price of butter made in the town in which is sold.—*Boston Transcript.*

Unconvinced.

Many and strange are the innocent sophistries of childhood in gaining its point. How quickly they learn even to distrust the evidence of their senses. A little girl who was addicted to a prodigal use of sugar upon her oatmeal had been put upon an allowance of a reasonable number of spoonfuls.

One morning she had been given the specified quantity, but presently asked: "Mamma, may I have just one spoonful more?"

"No dear."

By-and-by some one noticed that the little girl was sitting sulkily before her untasted plate and inquired, "Why don't you eat your oatmeal, Kitty?"

"I can't: it isn't sweet enough."

"Nonsense!" said mamma. "Don't be a little fuss-budget. Try a spoonful and you'll like it."

"But if you only knew how sour it is!" said Kitty tragically.

Mamma good-naturedly took a spoonful. "Eat it immediately, dear," she said with decision. "It tastes quite sweet."

Kitty

Recent Literature.

"Natural Law in the Business World," by Henry Wood has been issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The author has endeavored to apply natural law to the live, social and economic topics now attracting attention. Labor combinations, and their effect on the labor; socialistic tendencies; excess of economic and railroad legislation: the distribution of wealth; principles governing corporations and railroads, and also many other prominent issues, are fully and thoroughly examined, in their connection with unvarying natural laws and principles. He declares that the business world is permeated by natural law, and success can only be obtained by conformity to it. The book will bear a reading and thoughtful consideration.

"Juanita" is a romance of Cuban life, written by Mrs. Mary Mann, who spent considerable time there in 1833, and realized the evils of the slavery which then existed there. Many of the characters introduced were personal friends, which accounts for the long period that has elapsed before the publishing of the story. Now they and the author are all dead, and it is given to the public by the sister of Mrs. Mann, who knew her well in the matter. It cannot fail to make a strong impression upon all who read it. Years ago it would have created an intense sensation. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Another book from the same house is "The Rusty Linchpin." After the Russian of Mme. Kokhanovsky. By M. M. S. and J. L. E. The scene of the story is laid in a settlement in one of the remote steppe provinces of Russia, in the heart of a productive region. It is one of the most charming of love stories, and those who wonder at the singular title may be told this much, that a long and almost hopeless love suit is brought to a climax by the breaking down of a carriage through the loss of a linchpin. The volume contains a second story, "Linboff Archipovna," which, in its way, is quite as fascinating as the other. It is pathetic as well as humorous, and sheds light upon some of the curious domestic customs of the Russians.

D. Lothrop Company also issue "Thoughts of Beauty," by John Ruskin, and compiled by Rose Porter. No living writer on art and on beauty in nature and art holds so high and secure a place in the estimation of English-speaking people as John Ruskin. In preparing this volume Miss Porter has confined herself to Ruskin's discourses on nature, morals, and religion, for the reason that they are less known to general readers than those that deal with art and kindred topics; yet they are full of revelations of the wonders of sky and cloud, mountain and rock, trees, mosses, grass and flowers. She made her selections with discrimination and judgment, and the volume will be a valuable addition to the series.

From Colby & Rich, Boston, comes "Unanswerable Logic," which is a series of spiritual discourses given through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster. The book is made up of twenty-four of these discourses upon the various questions pertaining to "Spiritualism," first defining what is meant by the term, then taking up the "Spiritual Body," the "Analogy between the Facts of the Bible and the Facts of Spiritualism," the "Philosophy of Death," "What Lies Beyond the Veil," "Spiritualism of the Apostles" and many others of similar character, all questions of vital interest, and all discussed from a standpoint different from that occupied by the orthodox churches of the day. It is interesting reading, whether according with the convictions of the reader or otherwise.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, comes "The Factors of Organic Evolution," by Herbert Spencer. This essay is reprinted with additions from the *Nineteenth Century*. It has all of the charm of style which is the characteristic of Mr. Spencer, combined with some ideas which will bear study concerning psychological evolution and which are full of interest to the student in such matters. His reasoning is clear and cogent and opens the way for the further discussion of the subject upon a different ground from that hitherto occupied.

Among the new pieces of music from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, are the following: "Bright was the Dream of Youth," song by Taylor, very pretty and suitable to meet any voice of medium compass, (30 cts.); "Season of Roses," by the great composer, Gounod, (40 cts.); another by Behrens, entitled, "For Old Sake's Sake," (30 cts.), and "Year by Year," a beautiful song by Roeckel, for voice of medium compass, (30 cts.) The new piano pieces are—"Highland Lancers," by Duchemin, (35 cts.); and five easy little piano pieces for young beginners, by Behr, entitled, "Light Maid," "Waltz of Camelias," "Child's Play," "Spring Morning," and "French Child's Song," (25 cts. each). Any of the above pieces of choice new music sent to any address on receipt of price by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

"First Lessons on Money" is a little book by B. Y. Roberts, published at Rochester, N. Y. The object of the author is to suggest ways and means to settle the money question, which he claims the government has as yet failed in doing. The defects in the present system of National banks are shown and a remedy suggested.

"Practical Turkey Raising" is the title of a pamphlet published by R. B. Mitchell, 69 Dearborn street, Chicago. The author, Fanny Field, is well known as one of the most successful poultry raisers in the United States, and also a thoroughly practical writer upon the subject. The object of this little book is to show how turkey raising can be made profitable, and the work has been well done, for every branch of the subject is here treated in a plain, concise manner that leaves no room for mistakes. Price, 25 cents.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, have issued in a small pamphlet, with analytical subject headings, and a copious index the text of the "Inter State Commerce law," with names of the newly appointed commissioners. Price, 10 cents.

Literary Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons will soon issue a volume of short stories, by Thomas Nelson Page, entitled "In Ole Virginia."

The *Epoch* of April 15 will contain a new story by Julian Hawthorne, entitled "An Ill Wind," complete in one number.

A collection of Paul Heyse's stories, translated by John Philips, is announced as shortly to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

The firm of White, Stokes & Allen, which has won an enviable reputation for its fine art work, dissolves at the end of this month.

The proceeds of the author's reading at the Boston Museum, on March 31, in aid of the Longfellow memorial, are given at $5,208.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has purchased back her right in her "History of Woman Suffrage" and will hereafter be her own publisher.

Henry B. Stanton, husband of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, left at his death a volume of "Random Recollections," which Harper & Bros. will publish.

Under the title of "The Western Avernus," Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are about to publish a record of travel in which America, generally beheld *de haut en bas*, is viewed from below.

Lee & Shepard publish a little volume on "Bridge Disasters in America," written by George L. Vole. In this discussion some very startling facts are set forth, facts calculated to make travelers decidedly nervous.

The Writer is the title of a new monthly magazine published in Boston in the interest of literary workers. The suggestions contained in its first number are excellent, and amateur literary workers may gain much information as to methods from its columns.

The *Critic* is authority for the statement that Mrs. Beecher and her son-in-law are writing a biography of the late Henry Ward Beecher, which Chas. L. Webster & Co. will publish. All the material Mr. Beecher had prepared for his Autobiography will be used by them, and there is a good deal of it.

According to Mrs. Gilchrist "no one managed Carlyle so well as Ruskin. It was quite beautiful to see him. Carlyle would say outrageous things, running counter to all Ruskin valued and cared for. Ruskin would treat Mr. Carlyle like a naughty child, lay his arms around him, and say: 'Now, this is too bad.'"

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SMOKING.

A Brief but Exhaustive Argument Against the Habit.

An English journal recently offered a prize for the best argument against smoking. Following is the article for which the prize was awarded:

It is unphysiological, because no animal in a state of nature uses it, and the first time a man smokes he is usually violently upset by it. When a person eats a new kind of fruit for the first time he may not like it, but it does not make him ill, as such fruit is a food. But tobacco, being a poison, nearly always causes an upset to the system. It is only by continued use that man can use it without being made immediately ill; he is ultimately diseased by its use.

It is expensive, because there is no need for it; it is not even a luxury that helps us to spend our superfluous cash harmlessly, because it causes more loss and injury than it does good. In England, we spend at least £12,000,000 a year on tobacco alone; what with pipes, matches, cigar holders, cigarette tubes, cigarette machines, etc., we do not spend short of £30,000,000.

It is a dirty habit. What smells worse than the breath of a smoker, than his tobacco soaked clothes and his rank pipe? Then the ashes from pipes, cigars and cigarettes fall on clothes, carpets, tablecloths, etc., and dirty and disfigure them. Smoking blackens the teeth, and if a pipe is smoked the teeth that hold it are worn away, and so we spoil a natural adornment—the teeth.

It is selfish, in that the person only who uses it gets pleasure from it and that often at the expense of others. Smokers poison the air common to all by the fumes they emit. The selfishness of the smoker causes family quarrels and disputes, the husband perferring his pipe to his wife or sweetheart. It is disease producing. It stops growth and causes ill developed persons if used before growth has stopped. In adults it first blunts the sense of taste, smell and sight and, indirectly, the hearing and touch. It always produces more or less sore throat and often, in consequence, the worst kind of deafness—viz, throat deafness. When absorbed into the system it causes palpitation and irregular action of the heart and has a depressing influence on it. It delays digestion, causes nervousness, trembling of hands, indecision, loss of energy and of will power, with a loss of spirits. It deadens thought and makes a man dull and listless instead of being intelligent and active. It causes loss of appetite, helps on cancer of the stomach and is the active cause of most cases of cancer seen on the lower lip, which is rarely seen except among smokers. It also lessens the vitality and makes the wounds heal less rapidly among smokers than among non-smokers. It wastes time and energy. It wastes energy, as it depresses the vital powers and uses up itself life and power that should be used for helping on mankind. It leads to drinking. Smoking always causes a dryness of the throat and the saliva ejected is fluid lost to the system, to replace both these conditions fluids are taken. As tobacco is a nervine depressant, alcohol is often used to get rid of this depressed feeling. Statistics of temperance friendly societies show that smokers break away from their pledge in greater numbers than non-smokers do.

It leads to loss of property, goods and lives by the fires which originate by lighted ashes from pipes, by lighted cigar ends or matches used by smokers. The loss in this country by fire traceable to smokers is very large.

A Baby's Plea.

There is a little tow-headed chap of three years who calls me "papa." We are the best of friends in the world, and yet we sometimes have our little differences. And I am sometimes surprised and rebuked by the unconscious eloquence of that dear little lad's pleading for the rights of children, and for some consideration of their feelings and their juvenile infirmities of character. Somehow we fathers and mothers do forget at times that we were children once, and like-minded with these little ones of ours. The remembrance of our own little hurt-aches and our childish grievances seems to have gone from us.

I was cross when I went home the other night. A man had puffed the smoke of a cheap cigar into my face all the way home in the car; another fellow had munched an apple in my ear; something had gone wrong at the office, and, ten times worse than all, I fell heedlessly on a slippery place before my own door, in full view of all the giggling neighbors and my wife, who made me see visions of divorce courts by giggling too. I was in the raging-roaring-lion condition, the best of men are idiotic enough to get into at times, and before I had been three minutes in the house that little boy of mine had done something I had told him not to do, add I was going to punish him right then and there. But, ugly as I was, I gave the child a chance to say something in his defense.

"What made you do that when I told you not to?" I roared in a voice that might well have scared the life out of the boy. His little form trembled for a moment, great tears came into his eyes, and, stammering and trembling, he sobbed out:

"Well, papa, I—I—well, papa, what makes you do naughty things ever? You're a big man, and I'm such a little boy."

He didn't get the least punishment. It don't seem to me at this writing that I shall ever punish him again as long as he lives. There was such a strong and tender plea for justice and Christian forbearance in his "I'm such a little boy." And I cannot to myself satisfactorily answer the question as to why I do the things I ought not to do, unless it is because of the limitations of our human nature that make it impossible for us to lead sinless lives.—*A Father, in Babyhood.*

A Mexican Peon.

A letter from El Paso, Tex., on the peons of Mexico tells the following:

The first peon that I ever saw was at Paso del Norte, the Mexican town opposite El Paso. I was talking with a ranchman, when his wagon was driven up by a native, the most wretchedly clad that I had ever seen. The weather was rather raw, but all the man had on was a pair of ragged blue cotton overalls, a "hickory" shirt and a hat. He was barefooted, and breathed into his numbed hands to warm them, while he waited. I had known the rancher as a liberal man, and had no hesitancy in expressing my surprise that he should allow one of his servants to go so dressed.

"Pshaw," he said, laughing, "he isn't a servant, he's a peon."

"But why don't you dress him comfortably if you do?"

"He's dressed all right. Look at that sombrero. I paid $3 for that."

The shivering wretch had on a gaudy felt, trimmed with imitation bullion.

"But look at his pants."

"Confound his pants. I tell you these Mexicans are like ostriches—as long as they have something on their heads they don't care for their bodies. Give a man a sombrero with a few rosettes on it, and a woman a shawl to wrap over her head, and its all one to them whether you give them anything more or not. Here, Pedro," he added, speaking in Spanish, "have you enough clothes to keep you comfortable?"

"Si, senor," replied the man, with a grin

The Splendor of Dress

and the artificial effects of cosmetics, no matter how deftly applied, can never make beautiful or attractive one who is subject to emaciation, nervous debility, or any form of female weakness. These must be reached by inward application, and not by outward attempts at concealment, and the ladies may take home from the fact that thousands of their sisters have made themselves more radiant and beautiful by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" than they could ever hope to do by the aid of the appliances of the toilet.

The Founder of the Adams Express Company.

Alvin Adams, the founder of the Adams express company, was born in Vermont and left an orphan at an early age. He spent some years with his brother on a farm, and believing in the Biblical injunction, "Go not to your brother's house in the day of calamity," he started out to find work for himself among strangers. A gentleman conversant with his early history says: "He offered himself to a tavern-keeper to do *chores* around the house for his board. He groomed the horses, harnessed the stages, mounted the box, and drove short routes. He was sober, steady, resolute and prudent. He settled to Boston, picked up odd jobs here and there, and built up a good trade. A panic swept over the land, and commercial ruin followed. He had little money, his clothes were worn out, and the future was dark. He got two season tickets on the boat between Boston and New York. He put one in his pocket and handed the other to his alternate. He came to New York with a small sum of money he had borrowed, and with a large reserve of industry, integrity and good faith, he formed the Adams Express Co., and started it on its marvelous career of success. He had no friends to back him and no money to put him along. His express matter was carried in a trunk as personal baggage. He went to Boston one day and returned to New York the next."

They strolled along the broad parade,
John Jones and pretty Miss Maria.
"Your teeth are awful, John," she said;
"Why don't you buy the beautifier?
See mine! How whited. Yes, 'tis my wont
To polish them with SOZODONT."

MRS. BRANDYWINE'S FATE.

She Suffered Social Prohibition in Boston, Because She Had No Pedigree.

Yes, it is a great thing to be a Bostonian. Mrs. Brandywine had always realized it, even when she was far removed from that height of civilization in distant Chicago; and as soon as Mr. Brandywine had made a corner in wheat and shuffle off this mortal coil, leaving her a pretty widow with a snug fortune, she shook off the Western dust from her feet, and made straight for Mecca. She meant to have a distinctively Boston home, where she could suitably entertain Boston society, which she had heard was so delightful, so broad-minded, so democratic, placing the aristocracy of genius on a footing with the aristocracy of wealth and family, and accepting newcomers with a degree of warmth gauged by the intellect they displayed.

Blind Mrs. Brandywine! She bought a pretty little house on Marlboro street, and furnished it with as much daintiness as plenty of money and good taste could suggest. Her menage was perfect in its way, capable of cozy dinner parties, pleasant teas and other entertainments of the sort. Mrs. Brandywine was a charming creature herself—not brilliantly clever, to be sure, viewed from a Boston point of view, for she had never translated a Greek play nor written a treatise on the binomial theorem. But she was sufficiently well educated not to murder the English language, and to appreciate the good things of literature, the best of classical music, and the water color exhibition at the Art club when they came in her way. Moreover, her face was lovely, her manner gracious and winning.

Weeks and months went by after Mrs. Brandywine and the Marlboro street house had become one. The poor lady lived in a solitude which was horrible. She had brought no letters of introduction with her, trusting to the reputed kindness and hospitality that dwellers in the hub would be sure to show toward a bright and well-meaning body like herself. Nobody called upon her. Nobody invited her. She sat in the Back bay cars like an alien, blushing violently beneath the cold, severe scrutiny of her fellow-passengers, who seemed to be on the best possible terms with one another, and all nearly related. She even heard them talking her over in audible whispers.

"Brandywine, from Chicago. Bought the Bumfords' house," they explained in an offhand manner.

And then there would come a chorus: "Who is she? Who was she?"

Nobody knew. So the cool, calm faces of the ladies, her neighbors, were turned upon her with a lofty indifference, which would have changed in a moment to ineffable smiles, had she been discovered to be a connection of the Cotton-wools or the exclusive Spatterdashes. For one long winter she stood by her colors, refusing to acknowledge that her high ideal was shattered, and that Boston, to the strangers within its gates, is more like purgatory than paradise. She picked up a few acquaintances here and there, whom she soon found were almost as lonely as herself, having arrived from other cities or emigrated from the south end, a fact which she always confessed in mortified whispers and which seemed to be a hopeless barrier between them and society in its noblest and highest sense. Of course, there were the lectures and concerts, flower shows and exhibitions of pictures, all of the best, to which Mrs. Brandywine's dollars gaine her plentiful admission; but she was lonely and uncomfortable in spite of all these, and when June came and the houses about her were closed, and the horse cars deserted, she went to a real estate man and told him to sell the house on Marlboro street for what it would bring. Ignominiously she beat a retreat, and set up her household gods in New York. There she soon had society enough, for her fortune was a sufficient answer to all questions. Nobody cared in the least who she was or had been. Her handsome home on Fifth avenue, her carriage and horses besprinkled with the Brandywine crest—a mailed hand holding a bottle—her beautiful gowns and her charming face stamped her a person to know, and though her first friends were by no means at the top of the ladder, she had very soon outstripped them all and hobnobbed with the loftiest in the land. She laughs about Boston now rather bitterly. "I asked for bread," says she, "and they gave me stone."

The Red-Face Antics of the Man in the White House.

From the President down to the commissioner of patents, the administration bubbles over with impatience. "Small pot, soon hot." "We wonder if Mr. Cleveland," asks the New York *Mail and Express*, "has ever heard of that old truth, and if he has, why he hasn't made the obvious applications. The temper of the White House and the departments is of a most fugacious character. The smallest amount of heat drives it out. What a testy crowd it is! And how amusing would it all be were the ebullitions of rage exhibited by a company of men for whom the country is not responsible! The President swears at every one asking for an office, and shakes his fist at the retiring forms of congressmen who have performed a disagreeable duty in calling on him to suggest the appointment of constituents. He goes into a ludicrous range with newspapers that wickedly enjoy tantalizing him, and he goes to the extreme length of bellowing out his wrath at a public festival at which is celebrated the founding of an ancient seat of learning. He is angry when the time comes for writing his annual message, and no doubt growls to himself every time he fails to find a six-syllable word for a one-syllable idea. He makes more noise over a pin prick than Mr. Arthur would have made over the blow of a bludgeon. Mr. Cleveland's humors would be funny in a novel or on the stage, but we don't like it in a President. The red-faced antics of a man who gets angry over nothing are undignified in the White House."

For 6 Cents.

A sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 6 cents. Its various departments in point of brightness, diversity and timeliness, are far superior to any other American magazine, and we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to Alex DeMenil, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

A Big Story by Science.

The extreme delicacy of the sense of smell in man has been shown by a series of interesting experiments by Messrs. Fischer and Penzoldt. In an empty room of some 230 cubic metres capacity and tightly closed, a small quantity of the particular substance to be detected was thoroughly mixed with the air and the observer then admitted. Among the different substances which were tested in this manner it was found that the very smallest amount recognizable was .01 of a milligram of mercaptain. This quantity diffused through the room sufficed to make its distinctive character appreciable in the small volume of air coming in contract with the nerves of the nose, from which it is estimated that the 1,460,000,000th of a milligram of this substance was recognizable—an infinitesimal quanity, passing conception, but which science declares to be a fact.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Royal Inertia.

The English papers point with pride to the fact that the Princess of Wales remained coolly in bed during the Cannon earthquake. Nothing surprising about that. People who thing it won't take more than an ordinary earthquake to get the prince of Wales out of bed, don't know what they are talking about. Why, we have known the most beautiful plebeians to go to bed in that condition that a Kentucky cyclone couldn't so much as make them turn over. —*Burdette.*

A Vile Slander.

The Cleveland *Press* says: "Toledo girls have acquired the reputation of being the most expert and nervy feminine poker players in Ohio. One young woman who played an ace full on kings against four duces put up all the money she had and then went in on her clothing. Finally she called her opponent with her bustle. All she wore home that belonged to her was her dress skirt and waist, shoes and stockings, and a handkerchief tied over her head."

To Dislodge the Enemy,

When it takes the form of disease of the kidneys or bladder, is a task well nigh impossible of accomplishment. Renal and vesical maladies are more obstinate than any others. Counteract, therefore, the earliest indications of inactivity of the many organs with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which possesses, among other excellent qualities, those of an efficient diuretic. The degree of stimulation apparent from its use reaches, but never goes beyond the bounds of safety. It invigorates, always, never irritates. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, are diseases successfully combatted in their incipiency with this benign medicinal stimulant and tonic. Besides reinforcing and regulating the kidneys and bladder, the Bitters is a specific for fever and ague, constipation and dyspepsia.

The Delicate Perfume on that Lovely Girl.

The blue shark, the ground shark, the mackerel shark, the living tail shark, so-called because its tail resembles the tail of the snake in living long after the body has been killed, and the shark that bears the somewhat blood-chilling title of man-eater shark, all have oils that are valuable. From the whales are derived a great many oils, among others, the grampus whale oil, the humpback, the white whale, the finback, the bow head, caught only in the Arctic ocean, the cow fish, the black fish, and last, but by no means least, the famous sperm whale oil. This last oil is the most valuable one in the market with the exception of an oil that is also from the whale, which is rarely caught, but which, when caught, is one of the very, very few things in the world that is literally worth more than its weight in gold. This rare treasure is called ambergris, and is found only in the liver of diseased whales. When a male suffers from constipation, there is formed around his liver a certain fatty substance called ambergris, and which, when taken out, makes the most delightful perfume imaginable. "It seems strange, at first almost laughable, to say this, but it is true," says an expert in the Boston *Herald*. "All the ingenuity of man has not been able to invent a perfume that has an odor so perfectly delicious as a whale's ambergris. It can be found only in a diseased whale, it is of course very rare, and therefore enormously expensive. It is a great favorite with our ladies, but only the very richest can afford to buy it in its pure and unadulterated state, and very few probably among these, when they go to a ball room so deliciously scented, know that they are carrying around with them the liver fat of a constipated whale."

Women in the Sick-Room.

I am only surprised that more women are not poisoned. If anybody is sick in a house the mother, or the aunt, or whoever the elder may be, tastes all the medicine. It is no use her doing so. She can't tell whether or not it is the proper kind of medicine; she doesn't know anything about it; but she's bound to taste it. If she sees anything with a label on it and the name of the drug store, she'll investigate it at whatever cost. If a boy under, she'll wet her finger, put a little on her tongue, and make a face, whether it's nasty or good; then she'll give a little shudder, and wrap it up again. It may be for external application only, but she'll taste it all the same. But the funniest thing of all is that when a woman is sick it will not do to leave anything like a bottle of medicine in sight, for she'll try it, whatever it may be intended for. It may be for the measles, but she'll see if it will cure a sore finger. It may be cholera medicine; she'll try it on a corn. A lady of high position, who has money to start several drug stores, got up the few acquaintances here and there, whom she soon found were almost as lonely as herself, having arrived from other cities or emigrated from the south end, a fact which she always confessed in mortified whispers and which seemed to be a hopeless barrier between them and society in its noblest and highest sense. Of course, there were the lectures and concerts, flower shows and exhibitions of pictures, all of the best, to which Mrs. Brandywine's dollars gaine her plentiful admission; but she was lonely and uncomfortable in spite of all these, and when June came and the houses about her were closed, and the horse cars deserted, she went to a real estate man and told him to sell the house on Marlboro street for what it would bring. Ignominiously she beat a retreat, and set up her household gods in New York. There she soon had society enough, for her fortune was a sufficient answer to all questions. Nobody cared in the least who she was or had been. Her handsome home on Fifth avenue, her carriage and horses besprinkled with the Brandywine crest—a mailed hand holding a bottle—her beautiful gowns and her charming face stamped her a person to know, and though her first friends were by no means at the top of the ladder, she had very soon outstripped them all and hobnobbed with the loftiest in the land. She laughs about Boston now rather bitterly. "I asked for bread," says she, "and they gave me stone."

"It Is Too Much Trouble to Bother."

One of the saddest facts in connection with the lives of the people of America is that they don't want to bother. That is to say, they don't want to spare time enough for anything but money-making and amusement. The house which nature has provided is neglected in order to save enough money to "put into a house" which has been built with hands. Sleep is neglected so that a personal appearance may be made at some social gathering. Digestion is disturbed because there is no time to be spared so that the machinery of the body may have a chance to perform its work. Bathing is neglected because, for lack of a more forcible reason, such and such men and women have lived to old age without it. "Too much trouble to bother" when the body does not cry aloud for attention. When it does it is too late. The man whose teeth do not trouble him would look upon it as a prodigal waste of time to go to a dentist and have them cleaned. He has a brush and powder, and these suffice, he thinks, for all that is required. He doesn't know that the hard substance which forms around his teeth is tartar, and that the teeth are in danger of permanent injury when it is permitted to remain. Because "it is too much trouble to bother," the house of clay which might be made to "grow in beauty," accumulates the materials of decay.

Not So Hot as It was in the Comstock Levels.

Very little is now heard of heat in any of our mines. The levels on which they are now at work are well ventilated. Meeting Mr. Wrinkle, the well-known mining engineer, a day or two since, on his way from a mine in the depths of which he had been making some surveys, the reporter asked if he had been taking a sweat. "Sweat!" cried he; "no, it has been just like cold air way. I've had it altogether too cold all day." Naked and breech-clouted men are no longer seen in the underground regions. In not a few of the drifts of the present levels a coat is very comfortable. A few years ago some of the places in which miners worked were more like Hades than anything else.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

"James," said the druggist to the new boy, "if you can induce a customer to purchase a quantity of anything by offering him a small discount, you may do so. It is a good business principle, James, to turn your capital often, although the margin of profit is not so large."

"Yes, sir," replied James, and the proprietor went out to lunch.

On his return he learned, with more or less satisfaction, that intelligent James had induced a customer, who only wanted one two cent postage stamp, to buy the entire stock at a cent and a half apiece.

Wells in Tunis.

Southern Tunis is being transformed by Capt. Landis, who is continuing the scheme of the late Capt. Roudaire for an inland sea. The artesian wells now being sunk by him yield a large quantity of water, which is utilized in agriculture by the natives who collect round the new oases. Gardens are being created where there was nothing but sand, and avenues of trees are growing which will one day be bordered by houses. In a few years, if the operations are continued, the whole region will have been converted from a desert into a garden.

Something the Matter.

Bride—My dear, I wish you would stop buying those cheap cigars. Can't you afford to get the kind you used to smoke when we went out walking evenings?

Husband—These are the same brand I got before we were married.

"I don't see how manufacturers can be such swindlers. Those cigars are ever so much worse than they used to be."—*Omaha World.*

A Wet Day for Bummers.

Gen. Sherman, during his march to the sea, used to go out of his way to avoid a bridge. He was very fond of fords. One day the army was to ford a river. For miles before they reached it they waded knee-deep in swamps. One bummer said to another: "Say, Bill, I guess we struck this river lengthways!"—*Gen. Porter.*

Liquor Men All Rich.

The cost price of liquor manufactured in the country each year is estimated at $300,000,000. It sells at retail for $700,000,000. This is an enormous profit both for the manufacturers and the retailers, and great waste for some other classes. A strong sermon might easily be preached on that text.—*New York Tribune.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Faith of a Boston Belle.

He—Do you really believe in my love?

She—I do. For we believe what we cannot see and do not know.—*Boston Beacon.*

A Cheerful Cheer from Sherman's Home.

If things go the way in 1888 that it now seems they will go, Mansfield will be a political Mecca.—*Mansfield News.*

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars. JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Supt., Green Spring, Ohio.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THERE is a perennial hue and cry against decolleté dressing on the part of our American women, on the ground of its immodesty. "Immodesty," Julia Ward Howe says, "lies in the intention and purpose of the heart, and may penetrate through veils and draperies, as well as stare from uncovered bust and shoulders. There is an admiration which dishonors. There is an homage which exalts. Any training which allows women to mistake the one for the other is demoralizing, and should be so recognized and set aside." It is said that women dress to win the admiration of men. Can it be possible that any sensible woman will be mistaken in the kind of admiration she excites when she wears a dress which practically exposes her person to the waist? It is only self-delusion, for there is no man or right-believing woman who can or will put any faith in the innocence or purity of thought in the mind of a woman who exposes her bosom to attract the admiration of men.

THERE is a very common class of people who need education in a branch of politeness that evidently was sadly neglected by their teachers and parents in youth. One is often reminded to tell them the true story of the man out West who got rich simply by attending to his own affairs and allowing his friends and neighbors to do likewise. This disposition to meddle with people outside of one's jurisdiction has become so universal that a person minding unknown cannot take even a pleasure trip without giving a full account of himself. The most trivial acts are magnified into mountains of evil, if not explained before everybody, that they may be discussed and your motives and purposes dissected. To people inclined to keep their affairs to themselves, and allow others to do the same, it is most trying. The principal trouble is a lack of confidence in their fellow creatures. And why that lack of confidence? Simply because those very people are not to be trusted themselves. One must have a very broad black streak in his make-up to allow him to uncharitably impute bad motives for the acts of his friends and acquaintances.

SOME ONE says, in a recent magazine article, that "a thoroughly good novel may well be held the noblest work of man." Such an assertion is worthy of the novel-devouring young woman who remarked that she "wants no better place in Heaven than to lie forever on a sofa and read novels." The same writer mentioned above makes another assertion equally as bad when he says that "the novel, in some form, is our daily bread." Novels are as the dainties we consume, the laces and ornaments that we use to give the finishing touches to the toilet, not the foundation and substantials that make life worth living. When would the novel be if it were not for the solid reading that our best novelists labor over in order to give us the diversion their works afford from the "demnition grind" of our daily routine of toil?

THERE are a few supremely-gifted people who like to keep up a lively correspondence with friends, but they are the exceptions. The average woman, for instance, don't. She likes to talk; but when it comes to putting her words on paper, she revolts at the wearisome task. Happy are they who are equal to the epistolary demands of a wide circle of friends!

THE crying need of the American public is a reading machine—something in which you could put the latest novel or freshest book, turn the crank, and have it read with feeling and expression. Some such contrivance as this is absolutely necessary to save us from being a nation of short-sighted people. In this age every-body reads more or less, and American eyes are rapidly becoming as bad as those of the Germans. A reading machine would save the day. Then, too, how the family would gather around it as a center of common interest and sympathy! How it would unify and solidify households!

WHY do plain women get married, as a rule, as quickly as their more beautiful sisters? Simply because a man is as wax in the hands of any woman who cares to exert her power. And such matches, too, are apt to be happy. Love that has not beauty as its loadstone will last—it grows to be a habit, and we all know what habit means with a man, especially if he be not very young. He finds this plain woman grateful for his thought of her; then she becomes considerate of his comfort; then she loves him; and then the man is gone. There is no disillusion. There comes no time when it is discovered that the face is not classical, the eyes not so bright, the skin not peachlike and the teeth not so pearly—all has been known from the very first.

MANY young girls are embarrassed by the, to them, uncomfortable habit of blushing. They don't like it. On the other hand, there are many a year or two older who would be delighted if they could blush once in a while.

THE cares of the average American woman are many. The result is, she generally over-exerts herself in trying to do too much. Take, for instance, she who is cook, housemaid, seamstress and home-keeper all in one for her family. Not alone does she do the cooking of necessary edibles, but pies, cakes, preserves and puddings must, perforce, form a portion of the daily bill of fare. Her own and her children's clothing must display as many tucks and ruffles as those of her wealthy neighbor who has both cook and housemaid and puts out her sewing. What could be greater folly than for the wife not to concoct fruits in their season be quite as palatable and much more wholesome than the pies and puddings and preserves which she thinks it her duty to set before her family? And would not her children appear just as well and much more suitably dressed in simple attire, which is easily made look much more easily washed and ironed, than in be-tucked and be-ruffled garments? Of this wife's and mother's industry there can be no doubt, but is she doing her duty? Her husband and her children have some rights beyond those which attach to mere physical comfort. Most people look to their wives for companionship and the home as a place of refuge from the ills and chills of the world without. But it is safe to say that in the house presided over by the woman whose best energies are spent in "having things as other folks have them," he will find very little companionship or comfort of the sort which he most needs.

PRUDENT PIRCH.

He Turns His Numerous Offspring Practical Account.

A queer use for children has been discovered, and as soon as the scheme becomes generally known the chances are that youngsters will be in greater demand than they ever were since the world began. A farmer named August Pirch, who lives near Gavanzo, is the happy possessor of a dozen fine, healthy children. These youngsters grow fast, eat three or four hearty meals a day, and the way they wear out clothing is enough to make a woolen factory think a cyclone had struck it. Mr. Pirch has been in hot water with his little fishes for years, and was about to give up in despair, when a bright idea struck him. He had a tract of land that could not be used for the want of water. But how to irregate the land without spending a large sum of money was a mystery. A ditch would cost thousands of dollars, but corner lots have not been so plentiful in the Pirch family as the happy father could have wished, and his handbook simply showed a balance of a few hundreds instead of thousands. He figured on the cost of a well and found that he could stand a sixty-foot well, a cheap pump and one of those great family swings which are noticed at pleasure-grounds and German picnic grounds. The well was bored, the pump was set up, and the swing was put in working order.

"Here, you little rascals," said the elder Pirch to his little fishes, "come out here and get in this swing. I'm going to give you something to play with." In five minutes the children were flying back and forth through the air. The pump worked up and down, making a merry tune, and a 14-inch stream of water flowed from the well. The children don't know that they are working, as the swing is some distance from the well, and is connected by an iron rod, which works the pump as the swing vibrates back and forth. Mr. Pirch is positive that the youngsters will pump enough water during the day to irrigate a large tract of land.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Did Not Want to Part With It.

A gentleman has a wart on his nose and his friends urge him repeatedly to have it removed. As he is rather timid he hesitates and invents a thousand excuses. Finally, when he had exhausted every resource he responds to their entreaties with tears in his voice:

"My friends, I can never consent to part with it!"

"And why not?"

"Because it came to me from my mother!"—*From the French.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The sun was sinking in the west, and fell with lingering rays,
Through the branches of a forest, where a wounded soldier lay;
'Neath the shade of the palmetto, 'neath a sultry Southern sky,
Far, far from his New England home, they laid him down to die.

A group was gathered 'round him, his comrades of the fight;
A tear coursed down each manly cheek as they bade him a last good-night;
One dear friend and companion was kneeling by his side,
And strove to staunch his life-blood, but it was in vain he tried.

He thought upon the future, but his thoughts were all in vain,
While from his loved companions the tears flowed down like rain;
"Comrades," spoke the dying soldier, "comrades, weep no more for me,
I am crossing the dark river, beyond where all is free.

"Come gather round me, comrades, I have something I would say,
I have a story I would tell ere my life-blood ebbs away;
Far away in loved New England, in that dear old Pine Tree state,
There is one, who for my coming, with a sad-dened heart will wait.

A fair young girl, my sister, my joy, and only pride,
My love and care from boyhood, for I've none on earth beside,
My mother she is sleeping beneath the church-yard sod,
And 'tis many, many years since her spirit went to God.

My father, too, is sleeping beneath the dark blue sea,
And I have no relations, there is only Nell and me;
But, comrades, I am dying, I shall never see her more,
She will vainly wait my coming at our little cottage door.

When our country was in danger and called for volunteers
She threw her arms around my neck and bursting into tears,
Saying go, my loving brother, drive the traitors from our shore,
My heart, it needs your presence, but our country needs you more.

Then go, my dearest brother, I cannot bid you stay,
But from our dear old homestead I will wait you, day by day;
But, comrades, I am dying, she will never see me more,
She will vainly wait my coming at our little cottage door.

Come, gather closer, comrades, listen to my dying prayer,
Who will be to her a brother, shield her with a brother's care?
The soldiers spoke together, like one voice it seemed to fall:
"We will be to her

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

Plate Glass and How It is Made.

J. D. H., Fredonia, Kan.:

Please give description of how plate glass is made.

There are in the United States five plate glass manufactories and another is soon to be established at Findlay, Ohio. The building of the manufactory for plate glass is usually of very large size. In the center is the square melting furnace, with openings on two parallel sides for working purposes, while along two sides of the next building are arranged annealing ovens, which are sometimes 30 by 20 feet in order to receive the immense plates that are to be annealed. Two kinds of pots are used, the ordinary ones as the Bohemian, for melting the glass, and cisterns or cuvettes, in which the molten glass is carried to the casting tables. In France the cuvette is usually of a quadrangular form, with a grove in each of its sides, or as in the case of the Belgian factories, in two parallel sides, in which the tongs or iron frames are fitted when the cuvette is moved. Between each two pots in the furnace are placed, according to their size, one or more cuvettes. In some establishments the cuvette is not now used, the metal being poured from the pot in which it is melted on to the casting table. Sixteen hours is usually allowed for the melting, and the same time for the metal to remain in the cuvette; but the latter term is often extended in order that the airborn bubbles may escape and the excess of soda become volatilized. Toward the last the temperature is allowed to fall, and the glass then acquires the slight degree of viscidity suitable for casting. The molten glass is transferred from the pots into the adjacent cuvettes by means of wrought iron ladles with long handles. When the glass is in a proper condition to be cast, the "Tongs Carriage," consisting of two powerful bars of iron united by tie rods, and resting upon four cast iron wheels, is pushed into the opening made in the furnace, and the cuvette is clamped in the quadrant formed at the extremity of the tongs. Two workmen manipulating the handles of the other extremity. The cistern thus taken from the furnace, while filled with molten glass, is placed on another carriage and quickly conveyed to the casting table. This consists of a massive slab, usually of cast iron, supported by a frame, and generally placed at the mouth of the annealing oven. On each side of the table are ribs or bars of metal, which keep the glass within its limits, and by their height determine the thickness of the plate. A copper or bronze cylinder about a foot in diameter, resting upon these bars, extends across the width of the table, and being of the height required upon it, the table is carefully cleaned preparatory to casting. The cistern containing the melted glass is raised from the carriage on which it was brought from the furnace by means of a crane, its outside carefully cleaned, and the glass skimmed with a copper sabre. The cuvette is now swung round over the table, over which a roller is moved in order to remove all impurities, and the molten glass poured out in front of the cylinder, which being rolled from one extremity of the table to the other, spreads out the glass in a sheet of uniform breadth and thickness. While the plate is still red hot, about two inches of its end is turned up like a flange, against which an iron rake-like instrument is placed, and the plate is thrust forward into the annealing oven at a temperature of which is that of dull redness. Another plate is now immediately cast upon the hot table, and the annealing oven when filled is closed and left for about four days, when the process for smoothing the glass, is rubbing the surface to be smoothed, with another surface either of glass or iron, and at the same time applying sand or emery of different degrees of fineness and water between the two impinging surfaces.

Atlantic Cables.

J. W. A., Muscatine, Ia.:

Please give a history of the Atlantic cable. Who were the incorporators, and in what year was the enterprise first projected.

In 1854 Cyrus West Field conceived the idea of what was the germ of one of the greatest enterprises of modern times—that of telegraphic communication between the old world and the new. His first step was to obtain legal authority. For this purpose he went, in March, 1854, to St. Johns, Newfoundland, and obtained from the Legislature of that colony a bill granting him an exclusive right for 50 years to establish a telegraph from the continent of America to Newfoundland, and thence to Europe; and he thereupon associated with himself Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White and Wilson Hunt, of New York, under the title of the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph company," for the purpose of designing the project into effect. Mr. Field thenceforth devoted himself almost exclusively to the execution of this project. To build the land line of telegraph across Newfoundland and Cape Breton, a distance of more than two years. While this was in progress he went to England, and ordered a submarine cable to be manufactured by Hiram Bulkley and Samuel Canning, of the firm of Glass, Elliot & Co., of London. The contract was made in the autumn of 1855, but was not completed in time for the season of that year. In 1856 he went to London and there organized the "Atlantic Telegraph company," with a capital of $1,000,000 sterling, and himself subscribed for one-fourth of the whole capital of the company. By his personal application he procured from the British and American governments an act in each, which incorporated the expedition, which sailed from England in 1857 and 1858 for the purpose of laying the cable across the Atlantic ocean. Twice the attempt failed—in 1857 and the first week in 1858. The next attempt proved successful; and in August, 1858, telegraphic communication was established across the ocean. The cable, however, worked only a few days or weeks, and then became silent. To resuscitate the project now became more difficult than ever, as the public had lost faith. From that time it was kept alive only by the ardent faith and indomitable will of its projector. He was the leading spirit and the link between America and Europe, inspiring fresh courage and gathering new resources. Civil war broke out in the United States, and the nation absorbed in its own affairs, had not time for foreign enterprises. Thus seven years passed away before the attempt was renewed. But in 1865 another expedition was prepared. A new cable was constructed, and the Great Eastern took it on board, and sailed to the West. Over 1,200 miles had been laid, when by a sudden lurch of the ship the cable snapped and was lost. The year 1866 saw still another expedition, which this time proved successful. The cable, 2,000 miles long, was safely stretched across the ocean, and the communication proved perfect.

Pestalozzi, the Object Teacher.

Alice May Stewart, Perrysburg, N. Y.:

Please give a sketch of Pestalozzi, the introducer of the object methods. Who was he? What is his arrangement for instruction?

Johann-Heinrich Pestalozzi, was born in 1745. He was destined for the Christian ministry, but he turned aside from this profession, and betook himself to the study of law. He became disgusted with the artificial life of cities and removed to the country, to devote his life to farming. His mind was affected by the contemplation of the unhappy condition of the masses of the people, and he devoted himself, during the intervals of his work, to the consideration of the means best suited to promote their elevation. He was convinced by the means of a sound education, a remedy might be found for the many evils by which he was surrounded, and by which society was affected. To give affect to his theories, he converted his own house into an orphan asylum, and endeavored by a judicious blending of moral, intellectual and moral training, to afford a specimen of sound education, and one so contrived as to be practicable as a national scheme. His writings increased in number and importance. The great idea which lay at the basis of his method of intellectual instruction was that nothing should be treated of except in a concrete way. Objects themselves became in his hands the subject of lessons tending to the development of the observing and reasoning powers—not lessons about objects. In arithmetic he began with the concrete, and proceeded to the abstract; and into the teaching of writing he for the first time introduced graduation. His special attention was directed toward the moral and religious training of children, as distinct from their intellectual training, and therefore, graduation and a regard to the nature and susceptibilities of children, were conspicuous features of his system. Almost all his methods are substantially adopted by the instructors of elementary teachers in the Normal Schools of Europe, and to no man perhaps has primary instruction been so largely indebted. He died in 1827, at Brugg, in the Canton of Basel, Switzerland.

Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet.

Reader-Brushy Prairie, Ind.:

Please publish a sketch of the life of the illustrious Vinet, and give the names of his literary productions.

Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet, was a Swiss divine and author born at Lausanne in 1797. He received his education in his native city as a student of the Protestant church, of which he was ordained a minister in 1819. From an early age he showed a passionate fondness for the study of French literature, which he cultivated with so much success, that at the age of 20 he was appointed professor of French language and literature in the gymnasium of Basel. This position he held until 1837, when he removed to Lausanne, to fill the chair of Practical Theology in the Academy of that city, which chair, however, he resigned in 1840, when he seceded from the national church, on account of the new constitution imposed upon it in that year. Notwithstanding his resignation, he appears to have continued his lectures either in the academy or privately; and in 1844 again connected himself with that institution, as substitute-professor of French literature. He took a leading part in the formation of a constitution for the Free Church of Vaud, formed by those who seceded from the National church in 1845, this secession having been in a great measure the result of the influence of his own writings and teachings in favor of the separation of church and state. He died in 1847. He wrote largely both on literature and religion, and most of his works have been translated into English. His works on French literature show that he was thoroughly acquainted with its history, and possessed the critical faculty in no mean degree; as a philosophical religious writer, he is very popular among the educated religious public both in England America. His principal works are: Chrestomathie Francaise, Histoire de la Literature Francaise au XVIII. Siecle; Etudes sur la Literature Francaise du XIX. Siecle; Memoirs en Faveur de la Liberti des Cultes; Discours sur quelque Sujets Religieux, and Nouveaux Discours, from which two last mentioned works, selections have been translated into English, and published under the title of Vital Christianity; Etudes sur Blaise Pascal, Etudes Evangeliques, and Nouvelles Etudes Evangeliques, which have been rendered into English as Gospel studies.

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Slavery in England.

B. Hall, Glidden, Wis.:

Will you kindly say if slavery ever existed in England, and if so, of what country were the slaves and when was the system abolished?

In England, prior to the Norman conquest, a large proportion of the population were in a servile position, either as domestic slaves or as cultivators of the land. The name of nations, generally applied to the serfs, seemed to indicate that they belonged to the native race, the earlier possessors of the soil. The powers of the master over his serf were very extensive, their principal limitations being, that a master who killed his serf was bound to pay a fine to the king, and that a serf enjoyed rights by both the common law and law of nations as entitled to his liberty. The Norman Conquest made little change in the position of the serf. The lowest class of serfs were the villeins in gross, who were employed in menial household services, and were the personal property of their lords, who might sell them, or export them to foreign countries; while the most numerous class, who were employed in husbandry, and attached to the soil, were called villeins regardant. These latter, though in some respects in a better position than the villeins in gross, might be severed from the land, and conveyed apart from it by their lord. The abolition of serfdom was a very gradual process, various causes having combined to bring it about. The church both inveighed against the iniquity of keeping Christians in bondage, and practiced manumission to a great extent. Serfdom died out in England without any special enactment; yet it was not wholly extinct in the latter half of the 16th century, for in 1574 Queen Elizabeth issued a commission to inquire into the lands and goods of all her bondsmen and bondswomen in the counties of Cornwall, Devonshire, Somerset and Gloucester, in order to compound with them for their manumission, that they might enjoy all their lands and goods as freedmen. In a few rare instances liability to servile duties and payments in respect to lands said to have continued down to the reign of Charles I. In Scotland, as in England, serfdom disappeared by insensible degrees; but a remarkable form of it continued to survive down to the closing years of last century.

Franco-Prussian War—Edgar Allen Poe.

B. H., Correctionville, Iowa.:

Please insert in your columns an account of the Franco-Prussian war? 2. Also of Edgar Allen Poe.

1. In 1870, the offer of the Spanish crown to Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern, led to a dispute between France and Prussia, and on the 19th day of July the Emperor Napoleon declared war. The result was disastrous. The whole power of Germany (the Austrian portion excepted) was concentrated, and one French army after another was overthrown in the most terrible loss. Napoleon himself was taken prisoner at Sedan; Marshall Bazaine surrendered, with 173,000 men, at Metz; and, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of Marshall MacMahon, General Chanzy, and others, the Germans, after a series of victories, besieged Paris. The empress Eugenie, who had been appointed regent, fled, and on the 26th of February, 1871, the preliminaries of a treaty of peace were signed between the Provisional government and Germany, by which it was agreed to surrender the greater part of Alsace and Lorraine and pay a war indemnity of $2,000,000,000. M. Thiers, the celebrated historian and statesman, was chosen president of the Republic, and was succeeded in May, 1873, by Marshall MacMahon, Duke of Magenta. The present constitution is dated February 25, 1875. 2. Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston in 1809, and died in Baltimore in 1849. He was left an orphan when very young, and was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy tobacconist of Richmond, who had no children of his own. He was educated with great care, and at the age of seven he was sent to a school at Stoke Newington, near London, where he remained five or six years. After his return home he resided with the Allans at Richmond for three or four years, pursuing his studies under private tutors. In 1826 he entered the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, where he excelled in his studies, and was always at the head of his class. At the end of the year he quitted the university deeply in debt, chiefly incurred at the gaming tables. For the next two years he resided quietly at home. He then entered West Point, where he neglected his studies, drank to excess, and was expelled in 1831. In 1833, the publisher of a literary journal at Baltimore having offered a prize of $100 for a tale in prose, and the same sum for a poem, Poe became a competitor and won both prizes. He married his cousin in Richmond, and went to New York, but his old habits returned. His wife died in 1848. In 1849 he went to Richmond, and there formed an engagement with a lady of considerable fortune. The day was appointed for their marriage, when in a house of his old companions in Baltimore, spent a night in drinking, was found in the morning in the street in a state of delirium and taken to a hospital, where he died in a few hours. Poe's grave in Westminster churchyard, Baltimore, remained unmarked till 1875, when a monument was placed over it by the Baltimore school teachers.

Toning and Fixing Photographs.

T. J., Poplar Bluff, Mo.:

Please give through your valuable paper good receipts or formulas for toning and fixing photographs after they have been printed.

The first process is to soak the print in a dish of clear water for a few minutes, and thus wash off the free nitrate of silver remaining upon the surface of the paper. A half-hours soaking, with one or two changes of the water, so that it will be removed from the bath. Chloride of gold is sold in bottles containing fifteen grains. Dissolve this in 30 drachms of water, add a drop of hydrochloric acid, and preserve it as a stock solution in a bottle; mark this *gold solution*. Make in another bottle a saturated solution of washing soda, also as a stock solution; mark it as such: *Soda solution*. When the prints have been washed as before directed, and are ready for toning, mix one drachm of the gold solution with one ounce of water, according to formula. Pour into a tray and drop in a small piece of blue litmus paper, it will become red. Render the bath alkaline by adding from the soda solution drop by drop, until the paper begins to turn blue again. It is better to prepare the toning bath during the day while the printing is being done, as the bath seems to work with more smoothness and uniformity. It may be used, however, as soon as mixed. The print is now taken by two corners and immersed in the gold or toning bath. At first the print will begin to bleach, and turn a warm red color, which soon turns into a beautiful warm black. Put in the prints, one by one, keeping them separated and constantly in gentle motion, when the changes already spoken of will occur. When a deep purple or warm black is obtained, remove them to a basin of clean water, and rinse them till all are toned, when they are ready for immersion in a fixing bath, to render them permanent. To prepare a fixing bath, take six ounces of water, and one ounce of hyposulphite of soda. This solution dissolves from the paper all of the chloride of silver that has not been acted upon by the light, but does not injure the picture or image. The usual time for fixing the print in this bath is about fifteen minutes. If the print is held up to transmitted light before it is placed in this solution, it appears quite opaque and cloudy in what should be the clear portions of the picture. After the print has been in the bath the proper time this will disappear, and the print have a clear translucent effect. The print should now be washed in two or three waters and left to soak in a dish of water all night. In the morning it can be hung up to dry and then mounted as the taste of the experimenter may suggest. The best paste for mounting is common laundry starch.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech.

E. V. H., Austinburg, O.:

1. Can beer and whisky be sold by the gallon under the Dow law as reported by the third party? 2. Where can I get Pres. Lincoln's famous speech.

1. No. 2. For the benefit of numerous readers we will give in full Lincoln's famous speech at Gettysburg on November 19, 1863. It is as follows:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who have given their lives that the Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great work remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

R. P. E., Morse, Kans.—See notice headed Pensions in this column.

W. M. Girdner, Princeton, Mo.—See notice headed Pensions in this column.

Milo Kauffman, Ligonier, Ind.: See request headed Public Lands, in this column.

Wm. Chealley.—Read the rules at the head of this department and consult the advertising columns.

A. N. O., Cottage Grove, Or.: We know of no college where students are prepared for exclusive prohibition work.

G. A. J., Armour, D. T.—It is impossible for the BLADE to give the list of soldiers living in Texas, that you inquire for.

Frank Myers, Zanesville Ind.: Our regular army is kept up by voluntary enlistment. so, there is no necessity for religious exemptions.

Wallace C., Griggsville, Ill.: Please see notice in this column under head of Public Lands.

G. E. K.—Full accounts were given at the time in the news columns of the BLADE of the successful shooting of Niagara Falls by a man in a cask.

F. Burns, Centreville, Cal.:
How long after marriage is a wife considered a bride?
Six months.

Emma, Moulton, Ia.: By addressing a letter to the Land office of the Denver & Rio Grande Ry. Co., Denver, Col., you will probably obtain all the information you desire.

L. L. Mich.:
Please inform me where the last annual report of the United States Life-saving service can be had?

Write to Hon. Sumner I. Kimball, superintendent of Life-saving service, Washington, D. C.

Myrtle B., Potomac, Ill.:
Please describe the District of Columbia, as to its exact length and width.

The District of Columbia has an area of 64 square miles, and is 10 miles long from northwest to southeast.

A Subscriber, East Hickory.:
1. Who is vice-President of the United States at present? 2 When the President dies and the vice-President takes his place, then who takes the vice-President's place?

1. The United States is at present without an actual vice-President. 2. The president *pro tem* of the Senate.

F. W. S., Golden, Colo.:
Will you please tell what metal, copper, zinc, tin or iron, is the most sensitive; which will contract or expand most readily when exposed to cold or heat?

Lead is more sensitive than either of the metals you mention. Following is the order in which they expand and contract most when exposed to heat and cold: Zinc, tin, copper and iron.

X. Y. Z., Osage, Kansas:
Which is the larger Texas or Europe, and how much?

Texas has an area of 274,356 square miles. Europe with all islands belonging to it, has a superficies of 3,750,000 square miles. The area of the main body of the continent is about 2,650,000 square miles, that of the peninsular projections about 860,000, and that of the islands nearly 200,000 square miles.

D. A. P., Northwood Narrows, N. H.:
In what years were watches and clocks first invented?

Clocks driven by weight were in use in the monasteries of Europe in the eleventh century. The Catholic clergy are credited with the introduction of clocks into England. The first Westminster clock was erected in 1290. The Exeter cathedral clock, the striking part of which is said to be still in use, was constructed before 1317. The first clock on record which approached in accuracy of movement the clocks of the present time, was constructed for Charles V of France by Henry Vich, in 1370.

G. B. S., McKinrey, Tex.:
1. Where, when, and by which party was Gen. Gordon (the British general) killed? 2. What is the standard of money, paper and metal, in circulation?

1. Gen. Gordon is supposed to have been killed by the Soudanese at Karhtoum, during the time that city was in state of siege. 2. On Nov. 1, 1886 the amount outstanding in legal tender notes, $346,681,016; old demand notes, $67,375; fractional currency, $15,329,636; notes of national banks, including gold notes, $691,329,758—aggregate, $962,507,016. At the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1886, there was a gold coinage of 5,030,814 pieces, valued $34,077,380; 31,627,157 pieces of silver at $20,022,347.95; minor 3, 3 and 1-cent pieces, 1,706,651, valued at $17,377.65, or a total coinage of 38,384,622 pieces, valued at $64, 127, 105.60.

M. McD., ——, ——.: In a lecture delivered in the Royal Institution, Prof. Tyndall proved by a series of interesting experiments that the surest filter is a compact mass of cotton wool. "If a physician," said the professor, "wishes to hold back from the lungs of his patient or from his own, the germ by which contagious disease is said to be propagated, he will employ a cotton wool respirator. In the crowded dwellings of the London poor, where the isolation of the sick is difficult, if not impossible, the noxious air around the patient may by this simple means be rendered to practical purity. Thus filtered, the attendants may breathe the air unharmed, for it is exceedingly probable that the germs which lodge in the air passages, and which, at their leisure, can work their way across the mucous membrane, are those which sow in the body epidemic disease. If this be so, such disease may be warded off by filters of cotton wool."

Guy Yarnell, New Washington, Ohio.:
1. Would like to have you give a description of the boomerang and how it is used? 2. Also a short sketch of the late Mrs. Henry Wood. 3. Would N. 5 2 be a proper question in history at school examinations for teachers?

1. The Boomerang is a missile for war, sport, or the chase, used by the aborigines of Australia. It consists of a piece of very hard wood about two feet long, two and a half inches wide, and a third of an inch thick; bent to a parabolic curve, the ends rounded, and one side convex while the other is flat. It is taken in the hand by one end, with the convex edge forward and the flat side up, and projected as if to hit an object somewhat in advance. It gradually rises rotating rapidly, and finally takes a retrograde motion and falls behind the projector. Its effective use requires a skill that Europeans find it next to impossible to acquire. 2. Mrs. Henry Wood was an English novelist, born about 1820; died in 1887. She wrote East Lynne, Verner's Pride, Elster's Folly, Roland Yorke, Edina, and numerous other works. She was the conductor of the London magazine, *The Argosy*; and was also a voluminous contributor to numerous magazines. 3. It would hardly come under the head of history.

Recent Subscriber, Crestline, O.:
Will you please give a short account of the life of Friedrich Gerstacker, the celebrated German traveler and writer? Did he write any more beside this One Journey? If so, where could I obtain them?

Friedrich Gerstenecker was born in Hamburg in May, 1816, and died in Vienna, May 31, 1872. After a brief term in a commercial school he was apprenticed to a grocer in Cassel; but becoming dissatisfied, he ran away on foot to Bremen, and in the spring of 1837 engaged as a cabin boy on board a vessel bound for New York. He led a wandering and adventurous life in the United States for several years, a part of which he spent in Texas and Louisiana per among the savages of the Indian territory. In 1843 he returned to Germany and engaged in literary pursuits. In 1849 he set out on a journey around the world, during which he visited South America, California, Australia and Java and returned to Germany in 1852, making his residence at Leipsic. An account of this trip was published under the title of Reisen. During the succeeding four years he published a number of novels. In 1867 he set out on another journey around the world, and after an extended tour returned to Europe, and published a number of novels illustrative of the countries through which he had passed. Several of his works have been translated into English. Brown, Eager & Hall, Toledo, can obtain for you what you want.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

In order to increase the great interest already taken in the Question Bureau, the BLADE has decided to establish a new department, under the above title. In Notes and Queries will be found each week a number of questions of general interest asked by subscribers, which will be given to the readers of this column to answer. They will all be numbered, and correspondents in answering are requested to designate each Note and Query by the number it bears when first published. Here is a chance for the studious members of the great BLADE family to show their powers of research. Answers should be marked "Notes and Queries," and will be published in the order in which they are received.

(9)—Subscriber, Butler, Ind.:
Please tell us in what capacity cloverseed is used for coloring or setting colors in woolen or cotton goods.

(10)—W. M. B., Kimama, Idaho:
Please state the amount of pure silver in the United States 25-cent piece and in the Canadian 25-cent piece—i. e., the bullion value of each.

(11)—Constant Subscriber, Redfield, Ia.:
Please give a recipe for coloring furs black or any dark color.

(12)—U. P. Minister, Rimersburg, Pa.:
Some time ago there was a short sketch from the life of Joseph L. Meek, of Oregon. I believe he was a relative of Pete Polk. He was U. S. marshal and hanged the Indians who murdered Rev. Mr. Whiteman and wife, with other missionaries, in the Walla Walla valley, 1847. We want to know when they were tried and executed. I believe it was two years after. Where did Spalding and wife live after the breaking up of the mission? How long did Mrs. Julia Spalding live after it? I believe Rev. Dr. Spalding died just she died long before.

(13)—J. J., Sherrill, Ia.:
1. When did it become customary for queens to reign, and who was the first regnant queen? 2. What are the principal benefits that England derives from her colonies?

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

Better to Teach Them Trades Than Professions.

Under the above caption a writer in the Boston *Globe* makes the following points concerning college education and its connection with every day life:

The pride of many parents, their desire to raise their children above their stations, is a growing evil. Almost at the cradle the child's occupation or profession is often mapped out. Every line of life is marked out before it is at all ascertained whether or not he has any talent or predisposition for it. The one thing decided is that he is to rise higher, to play a more shining part than his parents did before him. They dislike the name "mechanic," and rather than put him to an honest trade toil hard at their business, denying themselves and living sparingly for the purpose of giving their children a college education. This is probably the reason why there are so many good-for-nothings in the world. When the best part of a young man's life has been lost comparatively in preparations for professions, and he finds, aware of their error, and repentance follows in the track of inconsiderate though well-intended pride. The error is first discovered when the son completely falls in his destined profession, or when he has become but half a man—when he complains "if false ambition had not reduced my parents to wish me to fill too high a position, for which I was not naturally fitted, how happy might I now be! I should be able to gain a safer and more honorable livelihood. I am now in a station where more is demanded of me than I perform. For want of sufficient means I do not see how I shall ever be able to lead an independent and honorable career in the station that has been assigned me. My life long I shall be but a servant. Had I learned a trade I might now have been a master." But mistakes are no oftener made in giving a boy a college education than in selecting his trade or occupation. The writer then says:

Alas! there are many who thus start on the wrong key and make their future a discord, who, having taken up a profession or occupation without due consideration, feel themselves under the necessity of clinging to it for a lifetime. Starting on the wrong key is then a capital error, and should be avoided most carefully.

Again, let our boys start out with a defined purpose and a resolution to attain its object. Gov. Leland Stanford said not very long ago: "I have, in my business experience, found that too much of the current college training launches young men on the world void of such practical knowledge of any calling as shall enable them to earn their living at once. Scores of educated youngsters have been sent to me as president of the Central railroad, seeking employment, and I could not do anything with them because they would not fit in anywhere. When business men wish to employ people, they have specific services in their mind, and mere general brightness will not serve their purpose." It is well to think highly of our colleges and literary institutions, and to rejoice to see them prosper, but after all it is of private acquaintance that the individual youth's mind be turned into the right current. There are thousands of lawyers who would have made better mechanics, and thus have obtained a far more comfortable livelihood, and doubtless there are many mechanics who would have stood high at the bar had they been blessed with a liberal education.

The industrial trades are characterized by a stronger vein of common sense than any other occupations. Men employed as mechanics are not at all likely to be carried away by delusions, or to stake what they have on a speculation, or to gamble with it; it is in themselves; it is their art, something which no one can take away from them. A good mechanic can always more than support himself, wherever he may be. With a good common school education, a good trade, and uncontaminated morals, a man is as near to having A1 security for his life as any one can be in this world. Such employment is becoming every day more lucrative and more necessary.

A wrong notion has gone abroad that more mind is required for the professions than for the trades. It is true that our professionals are constantly consulting books and opinions of past ages and of the present; they rest on human opinion. In the trades men work by the principles God has infused into the m tter; and if from these principles a mechanic can form new applications, and new combinations, he shows himself to be a man gifted with the highest ingenuity, and capable of the best mathematical thought. Because he is always dealing with things, the mechanic loses somewhat his power of words, the lawyer, on the other hand, deals so much in words that he often loses his regard for things.

It is not to metaphysical discussions, to the curious learning of past ages, or the study of the classics that society owes its elevation and happiness, but to enlightened labor, that is, to the fruit of the labor of the hand guided by intelligence. It is the toil of the hand directed by experience, strengthened by knowledged gained by past experiments, by the observation of nature, and by the application of reason to this experience and observation that has brought civilived society to its present state of art, power, knowledge, refinement and wide-spread luxury and comfort "Man," said Dr. Franklin, "is a tool-making animal. Magnificent are the results of intelligent industry."

—Chronic nasal catarrh—guaranteed cure —Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

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For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, (6 FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL.

Lydia E. Pinkham

SECURE FULL CONFIDENCE, MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

Suffering Womanhood.

Too much effort cannot be made to bring to the attention of suffering womanhood the great value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for diseases of women. Such an one is the wife of General Barringer, of Winston, N. C., and we quote from the General's letter, as follows: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham: Please allow me to add my testimony to the most excellent medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mrs. Barringer was treated for several years for what the physicians called Leucorrhœa and Prolapsis Uteri combined. I sent her to Richmond, Va., where she remained for six months under the treatment of an eminent physician, without any permanent benefit. She was induced to try your medicine, and after a reasonable time commenced to improve, and is now able to attend to her business, and considers herself FULLY RELIEVED." [General Barringer is the proprietor of the American Hotel, Winston, N. C., and is widely known.—ED.]

A Man's Thanks.

A well-known business man of Wilmington, N. C., writes: "It is with pleasure that I write to express to you my gratitude for the relief and benefit your Vegetable Compound has been to my wife, who has been troubled with ulceration. She has been under the treatment of the doctor for six years. Finally he said he could do nothing more for her, that SHE WOULD DIE IN 24 HOURS. Then I commenced using your Compound, and now she can attend to her domestic affairs as well as she ever could."

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8, 1883, says: At one of the "Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms ! ! ! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so

Paralyzed ! ! !

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was first Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomoter Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured)

and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business.

Many things have been done for me.

The last experiment being Nerve stretching.

Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester. in May, 1885.

I am no "advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent "Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her,

Consented ! !

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could

"Walk!

So I started across the floor and back.

I hardly know how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going in the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully yours,

JOHN BLACKBURN,

MANCHESTER, (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1885.

Two years later am perfectly well.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my *Life!*

My trouble always came after eating any food—

However light,
And digestible.

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most

Excruciating pains,

"And the only way I ever got"

"Relief!"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained ! ! ! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until

"At last!"

I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and

Could eat nothing ! ! !

My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me.

At last I heard a good deal

"About your Hop Bitters!

And determined to try them."

Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of

One ! ! !

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a

"Sick!"

Hour from the same cause, since.

I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such

"Advocate as I am."

GEO. KENDALL, Allston, Boston, Mass.

TEN THINGS A BABY CAN DO.

It can beat any alarm clock ever invented, waking a family up in the morning.

Give it a fair show and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant girl in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can make more genuine fuss over a simple bruise pin than its mother would over a broken back.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wrestler that ever was exercised.

It can keep a family in a constant turmoil from morning till night and night till morning without once varying its tune.

It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when its father is down town, and cry persistently at night when he is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in all the world, but you can never make its mother believe it, and you had better not try it.

It can be a charming and model infant when no one is around, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than a Sandow can muscle together.

It can brighten up a house better than all other lights ever made; make sweeter music than the finest orchestra organized; fill a larger place in its parents' breasts than they knew they had, and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together.

Teach the Boys.

Boys are generally eager to learn anything that is worth learning. If they are not given something useful to learn, they will fill their minds with something, even if it be trash and rubbish.

Teach them to be polite in their manners.

Teach them to be neat and genteel in their appearance.

Teach them habits of cleanliness and good order.

Teach them arithmetic in all its branches.

Teach them to ride, drive, jump, run and swim.

Teach them the care of horses, wagons and tools.

Teach them careful and correct business habits.

Teach them economy in all their affairs.

Teach them how to earn money.

Teach them how to get the most for their money.

Teach them history and political economy.

Teach them, by example, how to do things well.

Teach them to avoid profane and indecent language.

Teach them to avoid tobacco and strong drink.

Teach them to be manly, self-reliant and aggressive.

Teach them to be strictly truthful.

Teach them short-hand and type-writing.

Remarks by Jay Gould.

Reported by the Awe-Struck Interviewer of the St. Louis Republican.

"This 'boom,' so-called, or revival of business, is I think, as yet in its infancy. I believe it will extend, and that all legitimate business enterprises throughout the whole country will participate in it. You doubtless have observed that it is not spasmodic or feverish at any trade center; that it came upon the country with a slow but remarkably steady and firm pace, and at no place has there been anything like a development of in

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1887.

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THE PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN IN TEXAS.

The eyes of all those who hope for the coming of a better era to the nation through the advent of Prohibition are now turned hopefully to the state of Texas. An amendment to the state constitution, by which the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors shall be forbidden, is to be voted upon by the Texans on August 4; and the provisions of the state constitution are such, it seems, that if the amendment be defeated the question cannot again be submitted to the popular vote for eight years. Hence the struggle in this great state, the largest of the Union, rages intensely over every square mile of the 265,000 within this mighty *imperium in imperio*.

There is a decided Yankee leaven in the Lone Star state. Her population is a diverse one, made up originally of the more hardy and adventurous from all parts of the Union. Since the war, the extension of the Southwestern railway system and other lines within her borders, the attractions of soil and climate, and the inducements offered to those looking for cheap homes, have drawn to her a large number of thrifty farmers from the North, many of whom are from bleak New England; and these have taken with them the ideas dominant in their Northern homes. The Texan common school system is one of the best in the South, and the percentage of illiteracy is less than in any other state in that section.

The Prohibition idea has been growing for years in the state, and the demand for the proscription of the Rum traffic has grown louder with each succeeding session of the legislature. The present struggle is purely non-partisan. The line separating the friends of the amendment from the Rum Power cuts squarely across the line dividing Democracy and Republicanism. Texas is a Democratic state—so rock-ribbed that the party's majority in the Presidential canvass of 1884 was something like 160,000. The people are thoroughly aroused on the matter, and party politics seem entirely laid aside, so far as this campaign is concerned.

Many of the most distinguished of the Democratic leaders are out in favor of the amendment—Sen. REAGAN being the latest distinguished convert to Prohibition. Not many years ago he bitterly opposed, on the floor of the Texas House of Representatives, the appointment of a select committee to investigate the evils of the Rum traffic. He is now outspoken in his support of the amendment, and energetically calls upon the decent element of the Democracy to cut the party loose from the saloon and its degrading associations. Reps. MAXEY, CULBERSON, and other prominent Democrats are also on the side of right. Sen. COKE stands non-committal, while other Democratic leaders are bitterly opposed to the amendment. The Republicans are largely in favor of it, and the prospects are good for a tremendous triumph for Prohibition.

The Prohibition movement in Texas is so formidable that the executive committe of the "National Protective Association"—an organization of the head of the organized Rum Power of the nation, composed of the liquor manufacturers and dealers, wholesale and retail, of the whole country—was called to meet at Cincinnati a few days ago, and spent several days in discussing a plan of campaign in Texas and Tennessee. The great danger to the Rum Power was seen to be in Texas, and everything possible to defeat the amendment in that state will be done. The tactics used in Michigan will be repeated in that state. Two solicitors will be appointed to visit all Northern cities, where they will endeavor to induce all the Rumsellers possible to join the organization and contribute money to perpetuate the reign of the Rum Devil in Texas. Reduced to plain English, this means that a huge corruption fund will be raised to be expended in buying venal votes, in bribing election officials, and in endeavoring by fraud and force to repent the shameful result thus accomplished in Michigan.

On Wednesday, May 4, a state convention of the Rum Power is to be held at Dallas. The word has already been passed to "cultivate the farmer vote and the negro vote," and there is a general upheavel all along the line. The hopes of the friends of the amendment are that so many of the local Democratic leaders will be on their side that the usual "count out" will not be successful, for these men know the methods that have been used, and will be on the alert to defeat them. If fraud and intimidation can be eliminated from the election, the amendment will win.

Surely, the old, old cry of the Rum Power, "Prohibition does not prohibit," is worn threadbare by this time! If it does not, why these mighty efforts to oppose prohibitory measures? The simple fact is, Prohibition is the only solution for the liquor problem. License gives it the protection of the law, taxation puts a burden upon it; both are tentative measures, useful to repress, but by no means final settlements of the question. Either the Rum Power must rule the land, or it must be destroyed. It is impatient of restriction and control; it aims at supreme power. The saloon has grown to be an overshadowing despotism in every city of the nation. It controls the verdict of the people at the ballot-box, and where it cannot do so fairly by a majority of votes in its favor, it does so through corruption and fraud, as it did in Michigan the other day. It sets at defiance all laws conserving good order, decency, and Sabbath observance, because they interfere with its profits. It fills the land with its bloated, drunken slaves, and destroys every home wherein it enters. It ruins men weak enough to yield to the cravings of the Rum thirst, and drags them down to poverty and ruin. It is the conservator of crime, the fountain-head of the grave evils that threaten our social and political system. It cannot be controlled, it will not obey, and it must be destroyed. Let the watchword of the people of Texas be,

"Pulverize the Rum Power!"

WHO says that CLEVELAND is ungrateful? JAMES M. WHEELER, of Fredericksburg, Va., who was seriously injured by the explosion of a cannon, with which he was firing a salute in honor of the President, when the latter went to Richmond last summer, has been appointed a watchman in the Treasury department. The appointment was made on the personal recommendation of MR. CLEVELAND. MR. WHEELER lost an eye and the use of one hand.

CINCINNATI is virtually at the center of population of the United States, and hence is the most central point for holding the national conventions. Let those of 1888 be held in the Queen City.

CALHOUN AND HIS DOCTRINES—NULLIFICATION AND STATE RIGHTS.

The erection of a statue to JOHN C. CALHOUN at Charleston, South Carolina, and the plain intent to make the event of national significance by having a member of CLEVELAND'S cabinet, Sec. LAMAR, as orator of the day, is a sign that the pernicious dogmas taught by the great nullifier, from adherence to which on the part of the South came the doctrine of secession and the war of the rebellion, have not yet died out in that section. The occasion is one which may profitably lead to a brief historical review of the doctrines of CALHOUN, and a discussion of his influence upon Southern sentiment.

The confederation, which existed between the colonies during the Revolution and up to the formation of the Union by the adoption of the federal constitution, was but an alliance of independent colonies. There was no real union; no nation, in the true sense of the term. The great struggle in the constitutional convention was over the vexed question as to the line of demarkation between the powers of the national government and of the individual states. It was a matter of extreme difficulty to agree upon any possible basis for national union, and the constitution was, in fact, when completed, "a series of compromises." There was not in it, and there is not yet, any formal definition of the powers of the nation, or definite limitation upon those of the state. The powers not expressly granted to the nation "are reserved to the states," but the extent of the national authority and of the rights of the states has always been a topic of political discussion. The precedents set in the century since its adoption, and the decision of the sword when an appeal was made to arms, are our only guides as yet for their definition.

The lack of definiteness in the constitution itself, the latitude thus left for interpretation, gave rise to two theories. The one took the common sense ground that Union is an indissoluble compact, that the United States forms but one nation, and that a citizen's duty is first to the nation and subordinately to his state. The other was that each state is sovereign, that a man's loyalty and patriotism are due to his state and not to the Union, and that a state possessed the right to nullify, within its borders, any act of Congress to which it did not give assent. This doctrine of nullification, which has become identified with the name of CALHOUN, was in existence long before he made it prominent. It had its adherents almost from the time of the formation of the federal constitution.

The first public and authoritative enunciation of this pernicious dogma was in the famous Virginia resolutions of 1798, and the Kentucky resolutions of 1799, formulated by conventions held in those states. The claim was laid down in these resolutions, that each state had the indefeasible right to be the sole judge of the constitutionality of any law enacted by Congress, as well as the right to prevent its execution by the national authority within its own boundaries. It is easy to see that if this interpretation of the constitution were to prevail, there would be no real union, no nation, but that the United States would be but an aggregation of independent commonwealths. It is a strange commentary upon human blindness that any such theory could have had advocates in any part of the country.

So long as this dogma was a mere theory, it did not come up prominently for discussion by the public. CALHOUN came into prominence as its defender and expounder, because a case arose in which the question of putting this exposition of the constitution into practical operation came before the people of South Carolina, his own state. CALHOUN was in favor of a tariff after the war of 1812, and voted for its continuance. In 1824, he came to the conclusion that the interests of Southern slaveholders would be best subserved by having free trade, or as near an approximation to it as possible. The protectionists men won the struggle in Congress, and in 1828 the tariff act was passed. CALHOUN then wrote his famous "South Carolina exposition," in which he set forth the doctrine of "state sovereignty"—that any state had a right to nullify a law of Congress, that in its opinion was contrary to the constitution, and prevent its enforcement in its own territory. He also issued an address to the people of South Carolina, and an open letter to the governor of the state, enunciating his views of the limitations of the federal government, and enforcing the doctrine of nullification.

South Carolina, under the lead of CALHOUN, passed the nullification ordinance, and would have come to open rupture with the federal government had not JACKSON taken a determined stand to enforce the law. The CLAY compromise measure of 1833 restored harmony and allowed South Carolina to recede from her untenable position. The teachings of CALHOUN, who was a man of great ability and commanding talents, became the cardinal doctrines of the people of the South. It was easy for men who believed in the right of a state to annul a law of Congress to also believe that the federal union was but a compact to be revoked at pleasure by any individual state, and the doctrine of secession was then born.

Calhounism has been the cause of unnumbered woes to this country. The abstract doctrine of state sovereignty would have died in the course of years had he not revived it in the tariff contest in 1824. The supposed good of a portion of the people was placed above the weal of the nation, and this selfish purpose was bolstered by the dogma of nullification. From that time onward CALHOUN'S theories and their logical outgrowth became the political platform of the Southern people. Patriotism, in the sense in which of the North understands it, was unknown there. A man's duty to his state was everything; his duty to the nation was lost sight of or, rather, practically denied. Secession followed, armed rebellion came next, and the hand of war taught this misguided people that the nation is supreme and the Union indissoluble. The doctrine is not dead, however, and may at some time in the future come up in one form or another to endanger the life of the nation.

MR. LAMAR had a difficult work to do, but he did it well. He dwelt much upon those topics upon which there is no dispute—upon the great talents of the arch-nullifier, his great purity of private life, his scorn of political trickery and corruption. He dwelt but slightly upon the political aspects of his career, and made a plea in avoidance of the charge that CALHOUN was a disunionist, urging that his voice in Congress was for the Union. This is true; but it was for an Union after CALHOUN'S model, not that which really exists. CALHOUN'S Union was one in which the state was greater than the nation. The Union that exists is one whose supremacy over any of its divisions is unquestioned and unquestionable.

THE veterans of the Confederate army are considering a proposition to change the date of their memorial day from April 26 to May 30, the Northern Decoration Day. Gov. FITZHUGH LEE, of Virginia, recommends the change, because May 30 is a national holiday.

GREAT minds run in the same channels. Apropos of the announcement that TENNYSON'S "Jubilee Ode" has been set to music by an English composer, it is understood that a Boston man is attempting the same task with the inter-state commerce law.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

CONTESTED SEATS IN THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The chief clerk of the national House of Representatives, MR. ADAMS, is in considerable trouble. He wants to comply with the law, yet he is perplexed as to how he shall carry out the provisions of an act approved in the last days of Congress imposing on him new and important duties in regard to contested elections for members. It is required by the new law that all depositions containing testimony in any contested election case shall be forwarded to him, with the name of the party in whose behalf they are taken indorsed on the envelope, and that he shall not open that envelope until he has given at least twenty days' notice to the parties concerned to appear before him and be present at the opening thereof. In the case which he has before him from Alabama there is nothing on the envelope to indicate in whose behalf the testimony is taken.

Another new duty imposed upon the clerk is to supervise the printing of the testimony or such parts of it as he deems proper to have printed, and to print the notice of contest and the answer of the sitting member with the record. Here another difficulty arises, for in nine cases out of ten these last-named documents are not furnished to the clerk, and he has no means of getting at them. Then again he is to cause to be prepared and printed briefs in each case at the expense of the parties, and he is wondering how he is to carry out this provision. He can notify the parties to prepare and send him briefs, and he might send them down to the government printing office at his own personal risk and charge, but how he can insure the payment of the cost of printing by the parties he cannot readily see.

Thus far, he has received notice that the election of A. C. DAVIDSON, in the Fourth Alabama district, is contested, by whom the face of the papers does not disclose. In the case of the Tenth Illinois district, the papers in WORTHINGTON'S contest against POST will make a voluminous record of several thousand pages. Evidence has also been forwarded in the case of FINK against GLOVER, of Missouri. Notice has been served that the seat of L. F. MCKINNEY, of New Hampshire, will also be contested, and SMALLS, of South Carolina, is contesting the seat of ELLIOTT. These are all the contests of which the clerk now has absolute knowledge, so that there will probably be a less number before the House than for several years.

A PLEA FOR TEXAS.

The BLADE has received the following circular appeal for aid for the Women's Christian Temperance Union in the Prohibition amendment campaign now in progress in Texas, with the request to publish:

To the Friends of Temperance:

The next state which must pass the ordeal of battle in the constitutional amendment line is Texas. The vote is to be taken August 5, less than two months hence. Our friends there believe we have fair hopes of winning, provided the usual money can flow more freely.

But no state has ever worked at such a disadvantage, owing to its area, scattered population, and lack of sinews of war. The motto of the W. C. T. U. Convention just given me a Southland; give me also springs of water." Lest us help to make that prayer a fact. Personally, I propose to send $100 to the W. C. T. U. as my donation, giving lectures at the North by which to earn the amount. This donation only for the reason that I hesitate to ask others to do what I will not myself attempt; but having done this, I feel free to urge all the friends of temperance to send money and literature to our devoted workers in the Lone Star state.

If money is forwarded to me I will promptly send it on to the W. C. T. U. of Texas. If speakers volunteer their services, let them report to Capt. R. L. HAMILTON, Paris, Texas. If you have literature to send (and let us each ransack our shelves and see how much we have laid up in store that we can spare), send it.

Let us take for the motto for this new campaign, *"Remember Michigan,"* and God save Texas."

Yours in the faith,
FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Evanston, Ill., April 15, 1887.

Those wishing to contribute money to help the Texas amendment fight should, if they desire to contribute to the fund of the W. C. T. U., send it to MRS. JENNIE BLAND BEAUCHAMP, president of the State union, Denton, Tex. Those preferring to contribute to the general fund of the Amendment committee should forward money to DR. THOS. MOORE, treasurer of the committee, Waco, Tex.

ON Thursday the Michigan House passed unanimously a resolution expelling MILO H. DAKIN, the Democratic Labor Representative from Saginaw, for stating that certain members of the legislature could be bribed, and for soliciting money for the avowed purpose of purchasing the votes of said members. DAKIN, it is alleged, collected the money for this purpose, and then pocketed it. He is a fine sample of the average "reformer." It is a notable fact that every new political movement is seized upon by the worst stripe of demagogues, who force themselves forward as leaders, and receive political preferment they could not hope for at the hands of either of the great political parties. DAKIN is a case in point.

THE Michigan Knights of Labor are going to expel DAKIN, the member of the state House of Representatives who was bounced the other day. The Knights would do better if they would sit down on all the dirty demagogues who are trying to come to the front as leaders in the political labor movement.

SEC. FAIRCHILD said a few days ago, in answer to inquiries on the subject, that he had not yet fully made up his mind with regard to the uncalled three per cent. bonds. It is, however, regarded as practically settled that there will be no more calls for bonds during the present fiscal year, and that the amount of three per cents outstanding, amounting to about $19,000,000, will be reserved for the sinking fund requirements of the next fiscal year, beginning July 1.

IT is estimated that the public debt will be reduced the present month from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000. The total receipts of the government so far this month are $27,124,099; expenditures, $11,622,253. The true governmental policy is to get the debt paid as soon as possible, and present the world the spectacle of one great nation unburdened with an enormous national debt.

BEER DANA, of the New York *Sun*, is fighting CLEVELAND'S renomination with might and main, with the assistance of his renowned office cat. He says.

By all means Mr. Cleveland should be nominated for the Presidency in 1888 as the Democratic candidate, if it be clearly established beforehand that the Democrats are bound to be beaten.

Mr. DANA is the Democratic spoils mugwump.

A BALD-HEADED TOPIC.

Ever since the irreverent youths poked fun at the venerable prophet ELIJAH, by shouting, "Go up, thou bald-head!" there has been a constant stream of derision and ridicule cast by all humanity gifted with hirsute pates against those whose capillary thatch is so thin that "the lining shows," as a little girl put it. And it is to the shame of medical science that, through the rolling centuries, it has found neither remedy nor preventive.

This subject is treated of by a writer in the last issue of the *Popular Science Monthly*, whose theory is at least extremely plausible. He takes up, *seriatim*, the alleged causes of baldness heretofore advanced, and shows their fallacy. A warm head-covering does not produce a bare poll, why are not the soldiers of Europe's standing armies, who all wear such coverings, more bald than others? If cutting the hair close is the cause, why does not a man first get bald around the back of the head and neck, when the hair is constantly kept clipped? If not cutting the hair causes its loss, or if it is due to living indoors, why are not women bald instead of men? The reverse is the case.

The writer referred to thus goes over all theories heretofore advanced and shows their fallacy. Having thus cleared the ground, he advances his own theory, which is as follows:

I believe the common form of baldness is due entirely to the kind of hat that is worn, principally to the high hat and the hard felt hat, but also to any other head covering *that constricts the blood-vessels which nourish the hair-bulbs.*

The reason italicized above seems to us eminently reasonable. The scalp is thin, and has beneath it the hard, unyielding skull. A hard or tight-fitting head-covering certainly must have the effect of restricting the circulation of the blood in the scalp above the line of constriction. This retarding of the circulation is followed by an impairment of nutrition to the hair follicles, their consequent weakening, and final atrophy. It will be noted that the facts correspond with the theory. Baldness almost never goes below the circle of the hat-rim. Below that, the hair persists to old age.

We think there is much truth in this theory. The remedy is obvious—a perfectly soft hat, that exerts not the slightest pressure upon the scalp at any point. True, the "slouch" hat is not in high favor just now; but thousands of men would sooner wear them and save their hair than to be fashionable and become bald.

But even if the cause of baldness be found, that affords but little consolation to those who are bald, or becoming so. What is to be done to restore the capillary growth? It is obvious that if the hair follicles have become atrophied, the case is beyond remedy. But if a part of them remain, even though weakened, the science of medicine should be able to give us a restorative for them. The cause being removed, the weakened hair-bulbs should not be beyond reach.

The initial number of *Home Knowledge*, a hygienic magazine just started in New York city, has an article by H. S. FIRTH, M. D., on the "Experience of a Bald-Headed Man," in which he proposes a remedy which, he affirms, cured him. We quote enough of the article to relate how he regained his hair:

The writer is a philanthropist, "filled with the milk of human kindness;" and he rejoices to be able to say to you, despairing, hairless men, that kerosene is your remedy. Yes, the dark, crude kerosene will do the business for you. This leads me to the relation of my own case as a bald-headed man, and by what means I regained a natural covering for my head. * *

Well, I saw with dismay my hair growing gradually but surely thinner day by day, until the hair entirely failed to cover the scalp. Here was a very mortifying state of things; but what was to be done? About this time I heard of a former friend of mine, who held a position in the Custom-house in New York, whose hair was entirely restored, after being badly bald for some time, by the frequent use of kerosene. My friend was far from being a young man, which inspired hope in my case, so I determined to try its virtue; hopeful indeed, but not overconfident. I commenced the use of kerosene at once, rubbing it on well two or three times a week with a soft piece of flannel. In about a week—oh, horror! what I had most dreaded all my life came upon me. The remaining part of my hair fell off, leaving a spot as large as a breakfast plate entirely bare. Had I not been in conscientious case, I would have been tempted to mild profanity on the occasion. * *

No one can imagine how much I have lost, socially and intellectually, in consequence of being bald. Well, the kerosene had done its worst, and I thought if there was any virtue in the stuff, I was bound to find it out. It is true that it stained my pillow awfully, and my wife turned up her nose in disgust at the smell; but I was firm. She declared that her lungs were weak, and that the kerosene would be the death of her; that I did not care how soon she went, for I wanted a young wife anyhow. Expostulation and complaint were all lost on me. I was bound to persevere if she got a divorce from me for it. So she took up her night quarters in an adjoining room. I was desperate; so I hoped and feared and rubbed, for long months, without a sign of improvement.

Finally, after about eighteen months, I thought I saw indications of coming hair. My wife failed to see anything of the kind, and declared the stuff a fraud. But with a glass before and one behind, I watched faithfully the situation, for I was bound to succeed, or die in the attempt. Finally there was no mistake; fine soft hair, like the down upon the lip of an aspiring boy, became daily more apparent, till the bald place was covered, and then "Richard was himself again."

The above article was written because we believe the first writer has really found the cause of the baldness so prevalent among young and middle-aged men, and we hope that the remedy will be found efficient. We hope, in about eighteen months, to be able to chronicle complete restoration of the hair to a large number of our male readers, who have strength of mind enough to wear soft hats and brave the awful odor of crude coal oil.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the President is really desirous of a renomination and of a second term. He can undoubtedly get the first, but the second is beyond the power of the Democratic machine to give him. In view of the desire of MR. CLEVELAND for a continuance in office, the following sentences from his letter of acceptance in 1884 make interesting reading:

No means tending to the full realization of a form of government by the people would be more effective than an amendment to the constitution disqualifying the President for re-election.

We recognize in the eligibility of the President for re-election a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent political action which must characterize a government by the people.

A PROJECT is said to be on foot in this country to build a monument to ST. PAUL in his native city of Tarsus, Asia Minor. There are a great many churches in both this country and Europe which have been named after ST. PAUL, but none of these have been erected to his memory. The most fitting place for such a monument is the city of his birth, about which there is no uncertainty. If this plan is consummated, we may next expect to find a monument proposed in memory of NOAH on the summit of Mt. Ararat, and even MARK TWAIN may be outdone by the erection of a noble shaft in honor of ADAM.

THE New York legislature has a bill before it requiring the annual registration of voters in all cities of the state of 30,000 inhabitants and upwards, outside of New York and Brooklyn. The principle of registration is a good one, and sooner or later will be extended to all sections, rural or urban, as the best protection to the purity of the ballot.

STANDARD OIL has its grip upon the Pennsylvania legislature, apparently. The bill reducing the rates for transporting oil by pipe-lines and for storage was defeated in the Pennsylvania Senate Friday. If it had become a law, it would have reduced the profits of the National Transit Company $4,000,000 a year.

THE trial of Mr. "JAKE" SHARP, of New York street railway notoriety, will soon begin in that city, if it can be found possible to empanel a jury. It is to be hoped that he will obtain a quick transit to Sing Sing, to keep company with the aldermen whom he bribed.

THE TRENTON LIMESTONE.

We reproduce elsewhere copious extracts from an article on the gas and oil rock of Ohio, from the *Commercial Gazette*. There is one point therein to which we wish to call particular attention. It is, that gas is not found in commercially available quantities in the Trenton where its upper surface lies more than 400 feet below the level of the sea. As it is about 500 feet below sea-level at Toledo, this rule would settle the question in the negative as far as wells in Toledo are concerned. But it must be remembered that this is simply a bit of negative experience. Gas has now been found in paying quantities where the Trenton was at that depth. But this is no proof that it will not be so found. One well producing gas abundantly from a greater depth would prove the falsity of the so-called "rule."

The natural gas area is extending all the the time, as experimental wells are put down. Indiana has a large productive area, and large wells are in operation at Anderson, Muncie, Marion, Nobleville, Kokomo, Portland, Rushville and elsewhere. The Indiana field may be considered as an extension of the Northwestern Ohio area—though it is perhaps more philosophical to take a wider view, and say that wherever the Trenton is thrown up into ridges or swells, gas will be found abundantly, these elevations acting as reservoirs or gasometers for the immense amount of Nature's fuel stored in the interstices of its porous strata, and held securely there by the impervious formations overlying it.

There is no way of explaining the Trenton, and finding its elevations and depressions, save by means of the drill. The present surface of the country is absolutely no indication whatever. When the Trenton rock was laid down as a bed of limey mud upon the bed of a silurian ocean, its upper surface, when the era of its deposition ended, was irregular, exactly as is the bottom of any wide sheet of water to-day, from the action of currents and other agencies. The same was true of the conditions under which the rock strata between it and the present surface were laid down. And the diversified contour of the latter is the effect of erosion by water, and bears not the slightest relation to any of the strata deep beneath it. It is foolish to say that any one spot is a good place to drill, because of any surface peculiarity. Nothing but the actual sinking of a well in a new district will tell whether the Trenton thereunder is productive.

It is quite probable that the productive areas are far more widely extended than was at first supposed. The geologists know nothing about the matter. This is not from any fault of theirs, but from the fact that the presence of gas or oil in paying quantities depends, apparently, upon the contour of the surface of the Trenton rock, and there is no means of telling this other than with the drill. Nor can geology tell us how oil and gas are produced; nor whether they are the product of chemical forces now in operation, or the result of the decay of organic matter—animal and vegetable remains. It can tell nothing of their locality, quantity, or the duration of the productive flow.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

IF all the railroad lines projected for 1887 are built, the year will be noted for remarkable activity in this branch of industry. During the first three months of the year over one thousand miles of new main track on nearly 50 different lines in 25 of the states and territories have been constructed, being a larger total than has ever been recorded for any previous year up to the same date, save 1882. The South and Southwest are the great seats of operations at present, and are fast usurping the position once occupied by the West and Northwest, which are now building roads with a view to future requirements rather than to present needs. In the South, especially, Northern capital has infused life into various branches of trade and industry to a degree that is altogether unprecedented. There is a growing demand for additional roads to assist in the movement not alone of the crops but also of minerals, which have come to the front as a leading factor in the development of that part of the country. The importance of the present activity in railroad construction cannot be over-estimated. It is giving employment to an army of men, and, indirectly, the iron, steel, lumber, and other important interests are feeling the effect.

A SPASM of quaking terror has seized upon the Democratic and mugwump press because—*mirabile dictu!*—MURAT HALSTEAD, of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, took a trip to Chicago to have a talk with JAMES G. BLAINE. Our friends the enemy should calm themselves. Mr. BLAINE has never been accused of lack of shrewdness, and we have no doubt the whole talk between himself and HALSTEAD could be printed *verbatim* without adding one new fact to those already in possession of the public regarding MR. BLAINE. MR. HALSTEAD'S reputation as a political bull in a china shop is too well known for a man of BLAINE'S sagacity to say anything to him of the least importance to anybody.

THE theory is propounded that the wild real estate speculation now raging in the West—which is quite different from the activity in real estate here, based on the advent of natural gas—is attributable to the expansion of the currency, there having been a gain of over $50,000,000 in the past eight months in the currency in active circulation among the people. Such expansions in the past have always been accompanied by wild speculative eras. But this time there is a general falling off in stock speculation, and in the transactions on boards of trade. All the mobile capital of the country has suddenly changed its channel, and been poured into real estate business.

"UNCONQUERABLE intrepidity" is a term used by MR. LAMAR in his Calhoun oration to express the character of Pres. CLEVELAND. Ordinary people call this peculiar quality of our chief magistrate "pig-headed obstinacy," while on the wide rolling prairies of the boundless West, "d—d mulishness" is the picturesque phraseology they employ.

SOMEBODY has noted the fact that more men named JAMES have filled the Presidential chair than those bearing any other Christian name. The roll comprises JAMES MADISON, JAMES MONROE, JAMES K. POLK, JAMES BUCHANAN and JAMES A. GARFIELD. And it is entirely within the bounds of probability that JAMES G. BLAINE will be the next incumbent.

RUSSIA offers a loan of $75,000,000, bearing 4 per cent. interest, at 84 cents on the dollar, but still there is no rush on the part of investors. The Russian debt is nearly $2,500,000,000, and nobody supposes it ever will be paid. The United States is the only country with a debt running into the billions which is paying it in good faith.

THE SECOND MARTYR TO THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

The murder of Rev. JOHN HADDOCK at Sioux City, Iowa, because of his activity in the enforcement of the Prohibitory law of the state, and the trial of ARENSDORF, the alleged murderer, resulting in a disagreement of the jury, are fresh in the minds of the people. Another murder from the same cause has been chronicled, this time from Ohio. Dr. NORTHRUP, a physician at the village of Haverhill, Scioto county, was butchered in cold blood because of his activity in endeavoring to have Prohibition adopted in Haverhill under the local option clause of the Dow law. Fortunately for the ends of justice, the murder had witnesses, and it will not be difficult to bring the crime home to its perpetrators.

The murder was perpetrated on April 27, by THOMAS MCCOY, a saloon-keeper, and his brother ALFRED, the postmaster of the village, aided by the two sons of the latter, PIERSON and JAMES MCCOY, aged respectively 20 and 15 years. The McCoys are whiskey men, and have always, it is said, run the township elections to suit themselves until Dr. NORTHRUP settled in Haverhill, five years ago. He roused the people from their apathy, and was an earnest laborer in the cause of local option. This of course brought down upon his head the bitter hostility of the McCoys, for his "usurpation" of their political supremacy, and his efforts to destroy their saloon business. We quote the following account of the murder:

On the 27th, the four McCoys, learning that Dr. Northrup had neglected the precaution to arm himself—a measure which the doctor had adopted some time ago, in deference to his friends' wishes, who knew of the McCoys' enmity—lay in wait for him. Just as Dr. Northup reached a point on the street opposite the post-office Alfred McCoy ran out and headed him off from reaching his office, the others meanwhile opening fire with shotguns upon the doctor from the house of Thomas McCoy. The doctor attempted to retreat to his office, but was intercepted by Alfred. Drawing his pocket-knife, the doctor stabbed the postmaster in the side, cutting him badly. Young Pierson McCoy, fearing their victim would escape, although he had been fired at eight times, three loads taking effect, ran from the house and up to the doctor, and placing his gun almost against his breast, fired both barrels, the loads passing entirely through the doctor's body and tearing out his heart.

This affair will but deepen and intensify the feeling of all good people that the Rum Power must be crushed. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," and it is equally true of all moral reforms as well as it is of religious movements, that the cause which resorts to assassination to carry its ends is doomed. It will not do to say that the murders of HADDOCK and NORTHRUP are not to be charged to the whisky element of the whole country, but only to individuals. The system which develops such individuals is responsible for their acts. A man has the undoubted right to advocate his views upon the liquor question, be they in its favor or in opposition to it; the right of free speech is infringed by any effort to silence him.

The saloon element, by its intermeddling with politics, has brought to the front vile, ignorant, venal and murderous class of men, the same as the slave power developed, in the days of its pride, when it turned its hand to politics and attempted to control the nation. There is a startling parallelism between the acts of minions of slavery thirty years ago and those of the instruments of the Rum Power of to-day. The result can be predicted in the case of the Rum Power, for similar results follow similar causes infallibly. The people of the nation will see to it that the right of free speech is maintained, and the cause which seeks to bolster itself by murderously silencing the voice of any bold and fearless advocate of Prohibition will come under the ban of the majority. The blood-stained cause of Rum will surely suffer defeat.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

IN THE SOUDAN.

There is every probability that the Egyptian Soudan is to be opened to the commerce of the world. The Soudanese, no content to live without the civilized conveniences they had long enjoyed, are pushing open the doors that the Mahdi closed. The latest tidings is that four envoys from KHALIFA ABDULLAH, the Mahdi's successor, have reached Wady Halfa on the way to Cairo, bearing letters to Queen VICTORIA, the Khedive and the Sultan. It is being realized that the cutting of the Soudan off from the civilized world was a blunder for the Soudanese. Many of the necessities of life have advanced to enormous figures, and some, like cotton cloth, cannot be purchased in the markets at any price.

The Soudanese have recently been making desperate efforts to break the British blockade, and in spite of the vigilance of the blockading force along the Red Sea coast a contraband trade has been carried on between Khartoum, Berber and Jeddah in Arabia. It was announced in January that the proposed rebel advance down the Nile valley had collapsed, owing to the scarcity of supplies. It has for some time been the purpose of Egypt and her British advisers, as soon as the Soudanese appeared to be tired of privations and weary of the interminable dissensions of their dervishes, to encourage the reopening of commerce. The British government has just sent a commissioner to Suakim to see what can be done to reopen the Soudan to civilization and trade. It is certainly gratifying to observe these indications that the influence of the civilized world are again to reach these populous regions.

THE New York *World* gives the total "labor" vote at the local elections held in seven states this spring, at about 150,000 votes. It does not appear from this showing that the party will cut a very large figure in a national campaign, as the vote in each case was doubtless largely swelled by local causes. Parties that appeal to but one class of the entire community do not stand the strain of a Presidential contest well. Voters in a national canvass like to support the ticket of one or the other of the two great parties.

GEN. TOM EWING says that Mayor HEWITT, of New York, is not friendly to CLEVELAND, to whose campaign in 1884 he contributed $60,000. There are two reasons alleged by Gen. EWING for this: first, the refusal of CLEVELAND to appoint HEWITT'S brother-in-law, MR. COOPER, as minister to England; second, the President's arbitrary order for him and his partner to vacate certain grazing land they were occupying in the far West, to obey which cost them about half a million dollars. No wonder ADRAM does not enthuse over GROVER.

IT is reported that the Canadian Pacific railway will enter the field against the American trunk lines, bidding for rates 30 or 40 per cent. lower than theirs. The rise in railway rates was part of a concerted plan to make the inter-state commerce law odious, and Canadian competition will compel a reduction of tariffs on the trans-continental lines, if the commission keeps hands off, and refuses to suspend the long and short haul clause to accommodate the roads.

WHY don't Cincinnati remedy her shameful neglect? The fine statue of GARFIELD, by NIEHAUS, has been stored away in the postoffice building for a year, waiting for the citizens to build a pedestal, but they have failed to put up the money.

MR. CARLISLE ON FREE TRADE PROGRESS.

Hon. JOHN G. CARLISLE, the noted Kentucky free trader, and speaker of the last House of Representatives, has aired his political prognostications in an interview with a Louisville reporter. Perhaps the most interesting portion of his talk is his discussion of revenue reduction. He is adroit enough politician to bring prominently forward only those things which are seemingly favorable to his own theories, and to say nothing whatever of the facts which antagonize them. He dwells upon the free trade sentiment of the people of Minnesota, and expresses, in the most sanguine terms, his belief that this indicates the growth of a demand among the people that the tariff shall be reduced.

If the fact that three Democratic candidates for Congress in Minnesota were elected in the fall of 1886 is to be taken as an indicative of an increase in free trade strength, what are the friends of protection to assume regarding the result of the Congressional elections last fall in other states, wherein the free trade issue was made prominent? In Virginia, the Republicans elected seven out of the ten Representatives, a clear gain of five seats. That is one state alone, remember. The net gain in the entire House of Representatives which meets next December, can be seen by the following table:

	49th Congress.	50th Congress.
Republicans	158	151
Democrats	182	168

MR. CARLISLE also conveniently forgets that his own election is disputed, and that the fight against him was by workingmen who are opposed to his free trade vagaries. He forget that Col. MORRISON, of Illinois, one of the very foremost free traders in Congress, was defeated last fall; that FRANK HURD'S desperate efforts to break into Congress were for the second time frustrated, and by a largely increased majority. He has a convenient memory. He says nothing of the rapid growth of the protective sentiment in the South, especially in Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama. These facts may be ignored by MR. CARLISLE, but they are not by the people. The fact is plain that free trade is losing ground in the nation.

THE Prohibition amendment was defeated in Michigan by the most glaring frauds, so glaring indeed that it would seem to be an easy matter to prove them and reverse the surface result. The "counting out" process was carried on by wholesale, according to the published accounts, and one paper submits as specimens the result in two wards in Detroit. According to this account in one precinct twenty-five respectable citizens have already voluntarily come forward and offered to swear that they voted "yes" on the constitutional amendment. In that precinct only eight "yes" votes were returned. In another precinct sixty-seven voters

JOHN G. CARLISLE

Discusses National Questions, and Gives His Ideas on Tariff Reductions, withthe Aid of Republicans—Repealing Internal Revenue Taxes — Cleveland's Pure, Strong Administration.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 3.—The Hon. John G. Carlisle arrived here yesterday from his home in Covington. He comes to attend the State Democratic convention of which, it is generally understood, he will be chairman. He is accompanied by Mrs. Carlisle. The *Courier-Journal* this morning publishes the following interesting interview with him.

Mr. Carlisle's reception of the reporter was entirely pleasant and he graciously assented to the latter's request for an interview. Said the reporter:

"There is a good deal of curiosity in Kentucky, which amounts to an anxiety in certain places, not to mention enthusiasm in most places, to know whether you are a candidate to succeed Mr. Beck in the United States Senate. The *Courier-Journal* would like to know authoritatively if you are, or expect to be, a candidate?"

There was not the slightest hesitation on Mr. Carlisle's part about answering the question. He replied at once, with a frankness that was charming:

"My relations, or rather my apparent relations, to the contest for that position have not been satisfactory to me for some time, and I have intended to make a public statement upon the subject, but no proper occasion has been presented, and consequently I have said nothing except to a few personal friends. Two or three months ago I said, in substance, that although not a candidate for the office, I would accept it if elected by the legislature, and would serve to the best of my ability. This was regarded, in some quarters, as an announcement of my candidacy, while in others it was not so regarded. It was certainly not intended by me to convey the impression that I was or would, under any circumstances, become a candidate, and I am glad of this opportunity to correct that impression wherever it may exist.

"I have no desire to go to the senate and do not want my name considered in connection with the position. In fact, I do not know that it has been thought of to any considerable extent in making nominations for the legislature or otherwise, but letters received by me from various parts of the state indicate that there are some who regard me as one of the aspirants for the place. If I am to remain in public life at all, a seat in the House of Representatives is entirely satisfactory to me and I can serve the people there at least as well as in the Senate."

Tariff Reduction Next Session.

This answer was so explicit that there was nothing further to remark about the senatorship. The reporter, therefore, shifted his position somewhat and asked:

"What do you think of the prospect for a reduction of the tariff by the next Congress?"

"I can only give you my opinion, so far as the House is concerned," replied Mr. Carlisle. "The Senate, being a Republican body, no one can say with accuracy what it is likely to do. I believe the next House will unquestionably pass a bill to reduce very materially the customs duties. I do not, however, expect to see the passage of such a bill as the revenue-reform Democrats would like to have. But I think there will be a substantial reduction. You see we have not arrived at the point in tariff agitation where a reduction of taxation is absolutely necessary. The large and growing treasury surplus makes it necessary. There is no possible way to escape it. All the methods proposed in that direction are, for the most part, absurdities. The sentiment for a reduced tariff is growing steadily especially in the Northwest. Now, coupling this growing sentiment with an absolute necessity for a reduction, I think it requires little power of political prophecy to assert with confidence that a reduction must come.

Must Have Republican Aid.

"The bill reducing the tariff must be passed, however, with the help of Republican votes. The defection in our ranks caused by Mr. Randall and other protectionists will put it out of the power of the Democrats to pass a tariff-revision bill unless they are aided by revenue reformers from the Republican ranks. It will not be difficult to obtain a sufficient number of recruits, in my opinion. The Republicans in the West and Northwest are getting more and more nervous on the tariff question.

"In the Forty-eighth Congress all the Republican members, except one from Minnesota, voted for the Morrison bill. The gentleman who failed to vote with us was not re-elected. The Congress we got all but one of the Minnesota members. In the next Congress the Democrats have three members from Minnesota, something very unusual, you know. This indicates the growth of revenue reform. A Republican senator of prominence and ability said to me only a short time ago that the next Congress must do something toward reducing the tariff or there would be an open revolt on the part of the people. On the whole, the prosect is very encouraging for the friends of revenue reform."

Repealing Internal Revenue Taxes.

"Is there any liklihood that the scheme to repeal the internal revenue taxes will succeed?"

"I think there will be no repeal of the internal revenue taxes, and there certainly ought not to be. Yet it might occur in the efforts to get through a bill reducing the tariff, that some compromises should be made. Under the circumstances, with an opposition Senate and with a division of opinion among Democratic representatives, a compromise that was fair would be honorable. In such a state of case the tobacco tax might be repealed."

"I see Sen. Sherman talks about reducing the tobacco tax. In my opinion, if that tax is disturbed at all, it ought to be repealed. It is now eight cents per pound and it would look like trifling about small things to simply reduce it one-half or one-third. It is a cherry that if bitter at all may as well be swallowed entirely. It is true that the tax yields an annual revenue of nearly $30,000,000. But in order to get a similar reduction in the customs list, it might be well to let the tax on tobacco go. The whisky tax should be left undisturbed. You will find that those tariff reform Republicans, of whom I spoke a moment ago, are all opposed to repealing the internal revenue taxes."

Pres. Cleveland's Administration.

"I presume, Mr. Carlisle," said the reporter, "that Mr. Cleveland's administration is now old enough for intelligent observers to form an opinion. I would be glad to know what you think of it?"

Said Mr. Carlisle: "Pres. Cleveland has given to the country a safe, strong, clean and healthy administration. The complaints that he has not turned out the Republican office-holders as rapidly as he should are exaggerated. He has acted, as he honestly believed, for the best interests of the country, and his party and you will find upon investigation that he is very strong with the people. He has made us a good president. I think he is the most industrious man I ever saw. He certainly works too hard, but all comes from his honest desire to make his administration satisfactory to himself and the people. Mr. Cleveland desires nothing more than the approval of his own conscience and the just commendation of the country. These he cannot fail to have."

"Is there not some just cause of complaint concerning his somewhat supercilious treatment of men who hold office under him?"

"Rightly understood, there is not. Mr. Cleveland, you must remember, held the office of sheriff in Erie county, New York, and after that he was mayor of Buffalo. In both of those positions he was brought into direct contact with his subordinates, who required, no doubt, careful attention, and in this way he acquired the habit of personal supervision of appointees. That habit doubtless sticks to him in some degree. It would be strange if it did not. You see, he came very rapidly from the mayoralty, through the governorship, into the presidency. No man's elevation was ever more rapid. In Mr. Cleveland's case some little time must be allowed for him to accustom himself to his new surroundings."

Cleveland's Second Term.

"There is another thing I want to say about Mr. Cleveland. With him as a candidate for re-election, New England will be doubtful. You would be astonished to find the number of the business men in the Republican party in Massachusetts and all New England who are for Mr. Cleveland. When I was in Boston a short time ago I was amazed to learn that the Republican members of several prominent clubs were practically solid for Mr. Cleveland. There is another good thing, too, about those mugwumps, as we call them. They are nearly all tariff-reformers. If they are properly cultivated they will not be long getting into the Democratic party, where they will be mugwumps no longer, but just as good Democrats as the rest of us."

Jobs and Tricks in Disbursements.

"Getting back to the treasury surplus for a moment, what have you to say about the several plans proposed for getting rid of that surplus without reducing taxation?"

"They are all jobs and tricks and unworthy of serious consideration. Now let us look for a moment at the bill providing for federal aid for education. Its effect must be apparent to every intelligent observer. The promoters of that scheme say that the federal appropriations would not continue longer than eight years. I say once begun, they would continue for a thousand years, and why?. The reason is plain. The certain effect of federal aid would be the demoralization and ultimately the destruction of our state systems of education. At the end of the eight years the states would be entirely dependent on the general government for an educational fund, and federal aid would then be a necessity from which there would be no escape."

After a short further talk on personal and general matters, the reporter withdrew, greatly pleased at the result of his interview with a gentleman who is to-day the most conspicuous figure in the politics of this country.

A NORTHWESTERN CYCLONE

Does a Great Deal of Damage in Chicago, Duluth, Eau Claire, and Other Places.

CHICAGO, May 3.—A severe wind storm which passed over the northwestern portion of this city yesterday, did much damage in the suburban towns. Several houses were unroofed, many outbuildings destroyed, and fences and trees generally torn up and scattered about. Several people were seriously injured, and one carpenter, who was blown from the top of a building, will die.

Wisconsin Suffers.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., May 3.—One of the worst hurricanes, unaccompanied by rain ever known in this section prevailed here all day yesterday filling the air with dense clouds of dust. Considerable damage was done in the city by demolishing plate-glass fronts and signs, and in several instances partially unroofing houses. In the town of Ludington, a dwelling and barn were completely demolished. The loss in this vicinity when fully reported, will be considerable. The water in the Chippewa is rising rapidly. Two lumber mills have had to be closed on account of high water.

Minnesota Damaged.

DULUTH, May 3.—The storm which swept over this city Sunday night and yesterday was the most severe which has visited here. The damage inflicted to streets, sewers, stores and dwellings will reach nearly $100,000. The cellars of from 50 to 100 houses were filled. It will take $20,000 to repair the streets and sewers.

The greatest losses are on stocks of groceries, furniture, liquor, etc. The list includes about 200 persons whose property is damaged from $100 to $700. The tracks of the St. Paul & Duluth road in the city and near by are in bad condition. In the yards freight cars were overturned. The company's loss will probably be from $5 000 to $10,000.

It Touches Missouri.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., May 3.—A violent wind storm swept the city yesterday, unroofing the Lohman Opera-house, and blowing in a side-wall, destroying the stage and scenery. A number of other houses were unroofed, among them the Music hall. There was considerable damage to orchards. Fences were levelled throughout the country.

DEMAND MORE WAGES

Or There Will Be a Strike—The Pennsylvania Miners Dissatisfied Again.

READING, Pa., May 3.—There is serious trouble brewing in the Schuylkill coal region. This morning circulars were issued by the Knights of Labor and Miners' and Laborers' Amalgamated association to all the coal operators in the anthracite region demanding an increase of 10 per cent. in wages on and after yesterday, and requesting a definite answer by May 9. What action will be taken by the operators is not yet known.

Should the Reading coal and iron company and the individual operators in the Schuylkill region refuse the demand, there is every reason to believe that a strike will take iplace. There are about 28,000 men and boys employed at the mines by the Reading coal company, and about 10,000 by individuals. It is estimated that fully 95 per cent. of the miners and laborers belong to the Knights of Labor.

The last great strike occurred in 1874 and lasted nearly six months.

Scranton Miners Likewise.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 3.—The miners of this region are to unite with those of the Schuylkill region in a demand upon their employers for a raise of from 10 to 20 per cent. in wages. The executive committee of the Knights of Labor will meet on Monday next and definite action will then be taken. One of the grievances of the miners is that they are not allowed to work consecutive days, but instead they work half a day and a whole day alternately. No trouble is apprehended and the general impression is that the companies will accede to their demands.

MORE BALDKNOBBERS INDICTED.

The Grand Jury Finishes Its Good Work and is Discharged—The Gang Broken Up.

ST. LOUIS, April 28.—The grand jury that has for two weeks been investigating the night raids of the Baldknobbers, completed their work yesterday, and handed fifteen more bills to Judge Hubbard, and were then discharged.

The total number of indictments found by the jury is about 250, but not more than 80 persons are named in the charges. Some individuals are indicted in four or five cases. The members of the jury all think that the Baldknobbers are now under civil jurisdiction and that no more black calico will be bought in Christian county for the purpose of making masks. Everybody seems to think that the reign of terror is over in this county.

A prominent merchant of Sparta informed a citizen of Ozark, to-day, that forty-five persons within his knowledge had left the county since the grand jury began the investigation.

Sheriff Johnson will start out in the morning with his pockets full of capiases for the fifty or more Bald Knobbers who have been indicted and are still at large. Nobody can guess when the murder cases will be finally tried. It is the aim of the Bald Knob attorneys to put the trial off as long as possible. Some of the attorneys say they will never consent to go to trial in this county.

There is no doubt now that the strength of the Baldknob organization in this county has been very much exaggerated, and that, instead of Walker's figures being approximately correct, the whole black mask following at no time exceeded 250. All the active participants in the Baldknob depredations have been indicted, and the better element in the organization are glad that the deadly obligation that bound them to secrecy is now broken.

WITH A SMILE

That Was Child-like and Bland, Gladstone Watched the Antics of the Red Men in the Wild West Show.

LONDON, April 29.—Gladstone and wife visited the grounds of the American exhibition and the camp of the Wild West show, a special performance being given for their entertainment. They were much impressed by the aborigines. Gladstone sat there and looked on with every evidence of child-like delight. After the performance he was introduced to the Indian Red-shirt.

The 1,500 workmen employed at the exhibition grounds cheered for Gladstone and Home Rule. Gladstone bowed repeatedly in answer to the salutations. He was entertained at lunch by the managers of the exhibition, Col. Russell, of Boston, president.

Gladstone, in replying to the toast to his health said, among other things: "The institutions and progress of the United States have always been subjects of great interest to me, ever since, very many years ago, I studied the life of Washington."

BISHOP BORGESS RESIGNS,

But First He Excommunicates the Participants in the Polish Riots.

DETROIT, May 3.—Caspar H. Borgess, Catholic bishop of Detroit, has resigned. The fact has been kept a secret and did not become known outside of the bishop's household until late last night. The resignation was sent to Rome six weeks ago, and the formal acceptance was received yesterday.

Bishop Borgess was consecrated bishop April 11, 1870, and during his seventeen years incumbency has had many troubles, especially with the Polocks and the French. Before sending in his resignation the bishop promulgated a sentence of excommunication against all who were concerned in the Polish riots in connection with the St. Albert church troubles a year ago.

MILWAUKEE RIOTERS

Found Guilty—Two Sentenced—Another Wants a New Trial.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 3.—The jury in the case of Paul Grottkau, charged with inciting a riot at the Milwaukee Garden, last May, brought in a verdict of guilty at 9:30 this morning. Counsel for the defense moved for a new trial on the grounds that the counsel for the prosecution influenced the jury by treating them during adjournments of the trial. The motion will be argued next Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

Judge Sloan this morning sentenced John Odai and Jos. Skrezypcznski who were convicted of rioting at Bay View. The former was sentenced to the of House of Correction for four months at hard labor, and the latter was fined $25 and costs. John Dolna and Stephen Rozga were allowed to go under suspension of sentence.

A CAVE OF SWEETNESS.

Honey Bees by the Million and Great Masses of Honeycomb—The Season for Big Stories Begins Early This Year.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., May 2.—Joseph R. Harring, a farmer living near Littleton, in this county, made the discovery the other day of a wonderful cave of rich honey in a bluff of rocks on a piece of mountain woodland, half a mile from the main road to Morris Plains.

The ground at the foot of the bluff was so thickly overgrown with huckleberry bushes, briars, and white oak saplings, that the young farmer succeeded only after a two hours' scramble in reaching a point near enough to the foot of the perpendicular wall of iron stone to get a clear view of its facade. He has often stood before on the top of the bluff, but it had probably been years since any one has stood under it.

Looking up he saw right under an overhanging ledge of rocks, 25 or 30 feet from the ground, a round, heaving mass of honey bees as large as an outspread umbrella. Settled on the face of the bluff a few feet to one side and a little lower down, was another bunch of bees, much smaller than the other, probably about as many in number as usually occupy an ordinary hive. The buzzing noise from the two swarms was as loud as that of a stiff wind rushing through a pine forest.

Harring watched the bees long enough to see that they were passing in and out of holes in the rock, and then he started home for assistance.

Along with two friends, Harring started for the mammoth hive a few hours later. He imagined that there was a small hollow in the rock, but he did not anticipate finding a cave. An unsuccessful attempt was first made to blast an opening into the rock from the top. Every time a charge was fired the bees swarmed out from the recesses of the rock by the millions, more angry than mad hornets, until it became dangerous for the honey-hunters to prosecute their work, even with their thick clothing and bee hats. Ladders were then rudely constructed and a charge of powder was fired in the face of the rock, a few feet beneath where the bees were settled.

When the farmers returned 24 hours later they found that they had made an opening through a shell-like wall into a hollow beyond. A rich stream of golden fluid was trickling down the face of the rock, showing that some combs had been broken. Brimstone was then pushed into the hole and set afire. The smoke soon began to curl out of the opening above, driving out the bees in great numbers. Still the honey could not be secured, so well was it guarded by its hive of solid rock.

Mr. Harring then resolved to use dynamite, and succeeded, after some trouble, in obtaining some cartridges. With these he was more successful, for while gunpowder must be compressed to blast at all and entails a great deal of drilling, dynamite expends its force downward even if held against a slab of stone. A single exploding cartridge tore in the top of the rock a hole so large that when the experimenters returned they found an opening into what appeared to be a small cave entirely empty.

Provided with lights and ropes the three men descended into the opening, and found in reality a small cave, irregular in shape, as big as a large room. Its floor was as uneven as its roof. On all sides the walls were covered with great masses of honeycomb several feet in thickness. The honey was of different colors and qualities and had been taken from every species of supply, from the whitest of buckwheat blossoms to the reddest of clover-heads. The farmers found, too, that in several spots the comb ran back several feet like veins into the rocks, where the bees had filled up the interstices. In these cases the honey had evidently been made several years before, for it was partially spoiled by age and the moisture which its own heat had evidently drawn from the stone. But the honey in the main portion of the cave was perfect and in good condition.

Some of it had been made only a short time, while that situated back furthest to the walls appeared to be many years old. Yet its proverbial sweetness had kept it, and it would have kept it still possibly for a generation.

There was one curious thing about the deposit. The cave seemed to have been divided up by several swarms, which had erected partitions between the territory which they had pre-empted and those of the other swarms. These barriers were ingeniously constructed walls of WAX, from a quarter to a half inch in thickness. The deposit is very valuable, and its whereabouts is being kept as quiet as possible until arrangements can be made to remove it. Mr. Harring says that it is impossible to estimate how much honey there is in the cave, but that there are at least several thousand pounds of it which can be removed and sold.

Hundreds of people are asking permission to see the strange cave before the honey is removed.

SCHNAEBELES RELEASED.

He is Welcomed by an Excited Crowd and Proceeds at Once to Paris.

PARIS, April 30.—M. Schnaebeles, who was released from prison yesterday by order of Germany, and who soon departed from Berlin, where he was incarcerated, arrived at midnight at Pagany-sur-Moselle, where he was arrested. His wife and son met him at the station where were also assembled the whole populace of the town headed by all the officers of the municipality. He was greeted by the crowd who cried out, "Vive La France," "Vive Schnaebele."

After a short stop M. Schnaebeles proceeded to Paris. He declared he had been well treated by the Germans. The Paris newspapers appear to be nearly all well pleased by the manner in which the Schnaebeles affair has been settled, and pronounce it an honorable settlement.

They praise the prudence and fairness displayed by M. Flourens, minister of foreign affairs, in his conduct of France's side of the case. A majority of the papers draw from the incident the lesson that in future France must redouble her vigilance in order to avoid surprises of the kind caused by the arrest of M. Schnaebels.

According to the *Republique Francaise* all the French prefects have been instructed to prevent the people in their respective districts from using the occasion of M. Schnaebeles liberation for making Anti-German demonstrations.

Schnaebeles reached Paris this afternoon and at once called on Premier Gobblet and had an interview with him in which he reaffirmed the story of his arrest as originally told. It again asserted that M. Schnaebele will be relieved of his post of commissary at Pagny-sur-Moselle and that he will be retired on a pension.

THE DEADLY TARANTULA

Lurks Within the Unsuspected Banana Bunch and Punctures the Thumb of a Confiding Servant.

CHICAGO, April 30.—Bridget Morgan, a kitchen girl in a hotel here, while engaged last evening in cutting some bananas from a huge bunch, which had recently been brought in, was severely stung in the right thumb by a tarantula, which was concealed in the fruit. Instantly her hand and arm became inflamed, and in a short time the entire limb was terribly swollen, while the pain was most excruciating.

Medical aid was at once summoned, and every device known was applied to allay the pain and extract the deadly poison. The girl was then placed under the influence of stimulants and conveyed to her bed in a stupor. The physicians are hopeful of saving her life, but are by no means confident of recovery.

Moody's Chicago Scheme.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Mr. D. L. Moody was present at the meeting of the Presbyterian clergy Monday, and told them of a project of city evangelization. In a lot corner of Ohio and St. Clair streets he proposes to erect a training school for women city missionaries. Young men will be provided for elsewhere. Mr. Moody has $250,000 subscribed for the purpose, $50,000 of which will go into the building, $200,000 will be invested as an endowment. The school will accommodate at least 100 girls.

A Prospective Duel.

CITY OF MEXICO, May 3.—The highest political and social circles of the Mexican capitol are much excited over a prospective duel. One of the principals is a foreign minister representing an European power. The other is a countryman of the Diplomat. The trouble started at a social gathering and grew out of a quarrel about the daughter of the famous general known on both continents. Friends are trying to arrange the difficulty so as to avert hostilities.

OLD ORCHARD HOUSE.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, ME., March 29, 1887.

TO THE H. W. JOHNS M'F'G. Co.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

The Old Orchard House was painted with two coats of Johns' Asbestos Paints, in the Spring of 1886. It has had no paint since, and is still in good condition; in fact, looks better to-day than any other building in this place, painted with other paints, with not more than one-half the time of wear. The paint has given perfect satisfaction, and I should certainly think of using no other.

E. C. STAPLES, Proprietor.

☞ Samples and Descriptive Price-Lists free.

PRINCE K-WREN HOME AGAIN.

Return of Mr. Charles D. Keep from the Hot Springs of Arkansas.

Narrow Escape of a Newspaper Man and Stock Operator from Death—What the Hot Springs and Physicians Did for Him, and What He Did in Return—Interesting Anecdotes by Mr. Keep of His Journey and Sojourn at the Famous Health Resort.

About four weeks ago Mr. Charles D. Keep, the proprietor of the *Wall Street Daily News*, No. 49 Exchange Place, New York, discovered that the enormous sales attained by the wonderful K-Wren Remedies had created for him a vast amount of business in addition to his Wall street operations. So great was the strain caused by the extraordinary success attained by the remedy Mr. Keep had been the means of introducing to the public that his health began to give way under it. Like many a busy man before him, Mr. Keep was suddenly brought up with a round turn by a terrible nervous chill, which seized him one evening. The attack was so severe that it nearly proved fatal and he discovered the unwelcome fact that while he had been so intensely interested in placing his new remedies within the reach of all sufferers from all bronchial trouble, he had permitted his own bodily system to run down so much that he was likely to die.

In this emergency Mr. Keep realized that the only way to recover health and strength was to cut loose from Wall street speculations and the K-Wren remedies and go to some place where he could obtain perfect rest and build up again. Acting with his usual promptness, Mr. Keep went at express railroad speed to the Hot Springs in Arkansas, believing them to be the greatest resource in the world for restoring nervous exhaustion. In order to secure complete immunity from all business cares he left orders at the office of the *Wall Street Daily News* that neither stock quotations nor any details of K-Wren business be sent him during his absence, as he wished to attain a first-class physical condition as soon as possible.

He arrived at the Hot Springs early in April, securing rooms for himself and family at the Arlington hotel, the best in that notable resort. In the evening, while Mr. Keep was seated in the corridor, he was surprised at being accosted by a stranger, whose *bonhommie* salutation was, "Well, and how is Prince K-Wren this evening?"

While wondering who the gentleman was, Mr. Keep was handed a card bearing the name of Ferd. C. Valentine, M. D., No. 215 West Forty-eighth street, New York City. He at once recognized it as that of a prominent New York physician, who is also the author of a series of novels which have recently sprung into great popularity.

"Mr. Keep," said Dr. Valentine, as he seated him elf beside the discoverer of K-Wren, "I just want to say something to you in reference to your wonderful K-Wren remedy. I have come down here to tone up my system and recover from the effects of a severe surgical operation performed on me a few weeks ago. An abscess formed in my throat, and I was obliged to have it cut out. The surgeons in attendance were extremely afraid that the irritation caused by the operation would set me to coughing, in which case hemorrhage would set in and I might bleed to death. While I was lying in bed all the ordinary remedies were tried and failed to allay the irritation, until I found that my wife was administering some peculiar medical preparation which my familiarity with drugs showed me was something I was entirely unacquainted with. I wondered what it was. I had the desired result, however, in allaying all irritation and enabled me to come here to Hot Springs without danger, the fact being that I never coughed once from the time I began taking it. I asked my wife what this wonderful remedy was. She said it was the K-Wren Cough Balsam, and remarked that she didn't know whether she had better get down a bottle or not. I then visited the office of the *Wall Street Daily News* and see Mr. Charles D. Keep, who had introduced the remedy, and thank him for saving her husband's life, or upbraid him for defrauding her of the $10,000 insurance which he had on his life."

While intensely interested in Dr. Valentine's statement, Mr. Keep began to scent from the incident, that he had not escaped from K-Wren even at the Hot Springs.

That same evening, while passing through the halls of the hotel, Mr. Keep chanced to meet Dr. Algernon S. Garnett, the leading physician at Hot Springs, the fame of whose cures has extended throughout the entire country, and whose practice is estimated at $100,000 per annum. The first question Dr. Garnett uttered, after an exchange of salutations, was:

"Have you any K-Wren with you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Keep: "but haven't you been able to get it here at the Hot Springs?"

"No. Though the fame of your new remedy has, of course, reached this locality, our local druggists have so far neglected to procure it."

Further conversation revealed the fact that Dr. Garnett had for some time serious trouble with his own throat, and got no relief now any of the cushiony K-Wren Troches for such affections. Mr. Keep procured a box of K-Wren Troches from his own stock, and gave it to the doctor. Two days after Dr. Garnett sent for Mr. Keep, and after saying that the troches had affected a wonderful cure in his own case, proceeded to introduce the Wall street editor and druggist to the leading physicians at Hot Springs, at the same time requesting them to telegraph immediately for a supply of K-Wren remedies in order that he might use them in his prescriptions for the large number of his patients who catch cold while taking the hot baths, thereby retarding recovery.

The druggists at once obtained a supply of the new remedy from Meyer Bros., wholesale dealers, in St. Louis, and both the K-Wren Troches and K-Wren Cough Balsam are now being regularly prescribed by leading physicians at Hot Springs.

The next evening Mr. Keep was introduced to Mr. D. R. Locke and Col. George E. Lemon. Mr. Locke is best known as "Petroleum V. Nasby, of Confederate X Roads," whose celebrated letters have become a classic in humorous literature, while Col. Lemon is the editor and publisher of the *National Tribune* in Washington, a paper that has become the great organ of the veterans of our civil war.

Mr. Locke opened the conversation by remarking that he had read, while at Hot Springs, of the wonderful effects of K-Wren in curing catarrh, bronchitis and all diseases of the bronchial and nasal organs, but had so far been unable to procure it. He added that if the remedy was anything like what had been represented he must get some, though he was doubtful about it relieving him, for he had had his life rendered miserable for twenty years by chronic bronchitis and catarrh. He had tried everything without success, and for the past seven years had been compelled to pass his winters in the South in order to obtain the slight relief a mild climate would afford.

It also appeared that Col. Lemon was troubled with bronchitis, and he joined in Mr. Locke's request to be allowed to take a little from the stock of K-Wren which Mr. Keep had brought with him. Mr. Keep was only too happy to supply these gentlemen and gave each a box of troches, telling them to use the remedy on going to bed.

The next morning he met Mr. Locke, who said: "I don't know what these troches will do for me in the future, but I have had the first solid night's sleep I have enjoyed for weeks. There must be something marvelous in their composition. But what sort of stuff is the Cough Balsam?"

Mr. Keep informed him that the balsam was more concentrated and powerful and acted effectually in all cases of chronic bronchial troubles. Thereupon Mr. Locke begged for a bottle of the balsam out of Mr. Keep's rapidly dwindling supply.

Both Mr. Locke and Col. Lemon used the troches during the day and the balsam at night for the remaining ten days of their sojourn at Hot Springs. As they were leaving together Mr. Locke took Mr. Keep's hand most heartily, saying:

"My bronchial trouble of twenty years' standing is almost cured, thanks to your wonderful K-Wren Remedies. I am now going home, and shall on my arrival write an article for the Toledo Weekly BLADE, in which I will state exactly what they have done for me, and advise all my readers who are trouhled as I have been to procure K-Wren, as I consider it not a patent medicine in the ordinary meaning of the word, but, on the contrary, a great public benefit."

Col. Lemon also said that his experience had been the same as Mr. Locke's, and that on his return to Washington he proposed to bear the same sort of testimony in the *National Tribune* as Mr. Locke intended doing in his paper.

Much gratified by these voluntary testimonials to the marvellous virtues of K-Wren, Mr. Keep continued to take the hot baths, finding the tone of his system greatly benefitted thereby. As he was leaving, a gentleman he had frequently seen at the Arlington hotel stepped on board the train and said:

"Mr. Keep, my name is Henry Grant Thompson, of the firm of Henry G. Thompson & Sons, New Haven, Conn. Now that you are going away, I would like to take this last opportunity and tell you how the K-Wren remedy has acted in my own family. My wife, who has a very fine voice, a subject to occasional attacks of sore throat, which, of course, prevent her singing. Until you made K-Wren known to the public, she was frequently debarred from vocal effort for lengthy periods. Now, when she has any difficulty in the throat she puts a K-Wren troche in her mouth and at once finds her vocal power restored. She marked, just before I came away from home that she would as soon be without flour in the house as K-Wren."

Cheered and delighted by these evidences of the great merit of the remedy he has had the happiness to introduce to suffering humanity, Mr. Keep has returned to his paper and to Wall street completely restored to health and strength, and is all the more determined that hereafter the K-Wren Troches and K-Wren Cough Balsam shall be placed within the reach of all the inhabitants of the civilized globe.

These wonderful K-Wren remedies, which cure hoarseness in a few minutes, bad coughs and colds over night, and catarrh, asthma, croup, quinzy, diphtheria, tonsolitis, rose fever and hay fever in a short time by common use, and also break up pneumonia, are of two kinds—the K-Wren Troches, which sell for 10, 15 and 25 cents per box, and the K-Wren Cough Balsam (selling for 50 cents and $1 per bottle), which is far more powerful and is especially adapted for use in chronic and acute cases. The wonderful K-Wren remedies are for sale by nearly all druggists. If your own druggist does not keep them, they will be forwarded post-paid on receipt of price by Charles D. Keep, sole agent, 49 Exchange place, New York.

THE ALASKAN FISHERIES.

The Department of State is Proceeding Cautiously But is Wasting no Time in the Settlement of the Important Matter.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The department of State is carefully considering the question of the jurisdiction of the United States over the Alaskan fur seal fisheries. The statement made in the Canadian parliament yesterday that communications on the subject had been sent by that government to Sec. Bayard is denied at the State department, and it is said that all correspondence touching the fisheries has been carried on directly with the government of Great Britain. This fact will explain the delay in hearing from the State department of which complaint has been made at Ottawa.

The United States laws under which certain British Columbian vessels were seized by the revenue cutter Corwin last season, are more than 20 years old, and the question of confiscation before the courts of nations is one peculiarly knotty and difficult of settlement. The fact that this question has been raised strengthens the department of state in its determination to continue to pursue a temperate course in the negotiations with great Britain concerning the Canadian fisheries.

The vast Alaskan fisheries are thought to be quite as important to this country as are the Nova Scotian in-shore fisheries, and the state department is necessarily obliged to so shape its construction of laws and treaties as to preserve the rights of the United States to the exclusive enjoyment of the Alaskan fisheries while maintaining the treaty rights of our fi hermen in North American waters. It is held that there cannot be two constructions of the law, and any position assumed by the department must apply equally to Atlantic and Pacific waters.

Leprosy in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, May 3.—An alarming report to the effect that a large number of cases of leprosy had developed in the parish of St. Martin, in this state, and that the disease was spreading, resulted in the appointment of a commission, including Dr. Joseph Holt, president of the state board of health, and several prominent physicians of this city to investigate.

The commission reports that they found three cases of undoubted leprosy, and three suspicious cases. The cases positively diagnosed as leprosy were all hereditary, and there was no evidence that the dreadful disease was contagious or that it was spreading. The disease has existed in St. Martins for many years, the first case being brought there over 60 years ago, by a Nova Scotian, who died of the disease. There are two cases "suspicious of leprosy" in this city, One is at the Charity hospital and one under private treatment.

A Library of Thirty Thousand Volumes.

NEW YORK, April 29.—The sixty-eighth anniversary of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, was celebrated in this city yesterday by a grand performance at the Metropolitan Opera-house. The interesting feature of the performance was the mode of obtaining admission. No money was taken, but any person presenting to the Library committee a book or complete work of any well-known author, was given tickets of admission. The Odd Fellows are about to establish a library. Thirty thousand books were thus collected.

Indian Depredations.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 3.—The *Journal's* Winnipeg special says that particulars of the recent Indian depredations are at hand. At Medicine Hat the residence of a settler named Adsit was visited, his horses stolen, and although shots were exchanged, no one was hurt. The Indians also raided other settlers' homes, stealing cattle and horses. The mounted police are in pursuit.

If We Knew.

But we don't know. We sometimes criticise our neighbor's short-comings when we do not know the disadvantages under which he suffers. If he has lost an arm, or if he is so lame that he has only a stump of a limb, we can see his infirmity and pity him accordingly. If he is subject to some nervous disorder, which does not affect his gait nor make any great difference in his outward appearance, he has very little sympathy from anyone. He may have some burning weight of mental worry oppressing him, but he gets no pity from those who know nothing about it and cannot appreciate the hidden troubles which he labors under. Thousands of men have made failures of their lives from carrying burdens of worry and vexation which distracted their nerves, demoralized their brains, and wrecked them beyond remedy. If you be well for all such, we remember that Compound Oxygen cures nervous depression, insomnia, neuralgia, and all ills which make life a burden. Hundreds of cases are on record in which this agency has proved a agent has worked wonders. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, of 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., send a treatise giving these reports free to all applicants.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.
2. The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the armer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible,

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

VI.

It was an understood thing after this that we should sit down each morning and talk about the various emergencies of the serious kind which are liable to arise, especially where there are children, when prompt action is the one thing necessary to prevent evil and perhaps fatal consequences.

"You think I am very brave," said my friend, one day, "but I have never done one-half what a delicate, refined woman whom I knew, did, out on a cattle ranch in Wyoming. She was the only woman in a wide stretch of country, and to her the cowboys came from long distances when they were hurt and needed assistance. Many times her heart sank within her when she saw what there was to be done, but she could not see them suffer, when possibly she might give them relief; so she bound up wounds, set bones, doctored sprains and did what, back in the civilized community where her life had been passed, a thought that she could ever accomplish these things would have seemed the wildest improbability. She grew to be looked upon as a sort of good angel by those rough men, who would, any of them, have perilled their lives for her, regarding her with that sort of reverence and devotion that just such characters give to those they look upon as beyond them in refinement and goodness, and yet who are willing to assist them in trouble."

"I cannot understand how she *could* do it," exclaimed Mrs. Dent. "I am sure I could not, even if I had been taught what was best to be done."

"We never know what we can do until circumstances show us. There are natural differences of temperament, of course, some persons possessing a much larger share of physical courage than others, but seeming impossibilities become, sometimes, easy of accomplishment under different influences. But what am I to talk about to-day?"

"You remember Ned's falling out of the tree and spraining his ankle," I said; "I should like to know what your treatment would have been had there been a dislocation instead of the sprain, and what is the difference."

"A sprain," she answered, "is where the ligaments around a joint have been unnaturally stretched or strained so that it requires time for them to get over it, even though brought right back to their original position. But suppose that day, Ned had twisted his ankle so that the ends of the bone, which form the joint, were turned so far out of place that they were caught in the ligaments and tissues surrounding them and could not go back into a natural position. That would have been a dislocation. You can tell by the appearance of the joint when that has taken place, but if you are in the slightest doubt, compare it with the one that is unhurt and see if they are alike in appearance. It is easy enough to decide in that way. Besides that, there will be constant pain, and the sufferer will be entirely unable to move the joint in any direction."

"You could not surely have remedied that, could you?" asked Mrs. Dent.

"I should most certainly have tried," she responded. "The longer the parts remained in that abnormal condition, the more danger there is of inflammation occurring, and the greater the difficulty of recovery."

"But what could you have done?"

"I have considerable strength in my hands, and so I should have pulled the foot downward, stretching the tendons sufficiently to allow the bones to slip back into place. If they resumed their natural appearance and remained so, I should know that all which was then needed would be bandaging, just as in a sprain, and following out the same treatment exactly. I shall give you a chance to exercise your memory by-and-by in telling Mrs. Dent what that was," she said to me, "and then you will be sure of your own knowledge."

"All right," I answered; "but now I am anxious to know about a fractured or broken bone."

"That is more serious," she replied, "and yet you may manage that if it is not too complicated. If you are in doubt, however, as to whether there is a fracture or not, or if you feel that you cannot succeed in setting the bone if broken, by all means send at once for a physician, if there is one to be inobtained. A long delay makes matters so much worse that it is better, if that is inevitable to try to set the bone, if you cannot put on the splints and bandages. Of course you can easily understand that after the setting, it must be held in place by splints, and these should be arranged very carefully so that they will not be uncomfortable. You would set the bone by pulling it longitudinally as the physicians say, just as you would in the case of the dislocated joint. If you can set it, but do not feel able to bind it up properly, keep it in a position of rest until the physician comes."

"I'm afraid I'll never come off with glory from such an emergency as that," laughed Mr. Dent. "The very idea of bone setting seems fraught with both dangers and difficulties, and more than I can face calmly."

"Happily there is no occasion just now, and perhaps one never will come in your experience, or by the time it does, you may have so made yourself over that you are equal to the requirement. It is a good thing that the necessity for action in extreme cases does not often arise."

Just at this moment the door opened, and unfortunate little Ted came in with his hand to his ear and his eyes swimming with tears.

"What is the matter, my boy?" asked his mother, as he went to her side.

"There's a bug in my ear, mamma," he said, "and it keeps kicking and scratching and hurting, though it isn't so bad now as it was. But, mamma, can't you get it out?"

"I think so, dear; but how did it happen to get in?"

"Why, Ned said if you put your ear down to the ground, you could hear anybody coming ever so far off, and so I tried it, and the bug run right in as quick as you could think, mamma."

"Well, we will see what we can do for Mr. Bug," she said, rising and leading the little fellow into the kitchen. Mrs. Dent and I followed to see what was to be done. It was too good a chance for a practical lesson to be lost. She took a small piece of fine cotton batting and then poured out a little vinegar, putting an equal quantity of salt into it, warmed the mixture and saturated the cotton with it and pressed it into the ear. In a few moments she took it away with the bug adhering to it.

"This is a very simple remedy," she said. "Another is to drop a little sweet oil into the ear, having the head lying upon the table. The oil will kill the bug, and then you can syringe it away with warm water, or if you have some very fine wire, you can make a loop of it, and insert it into the passage, turning it carefully around. Then withdrawing the wire the bug will come too. It is very necessary to be careful in the treatment of either the ear or the eye, for an injury to those delicate organs is not easily repaired." EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be continued.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Court Plaster Case.—This is a very convenient article to have with one, and can be made as follows: Cut two pieces of card board 3 ins. long and 2 ins. wide. Cover these with some dark, but bright color of satin, either with a monogram embroidered upon one side, or a spray of flowers painted. Curve the cards in slightly at the top, then sew them together at the sides and bottom. Take another piece of card a little smaller than the others, and cover both sides with silk. Then sew a piece of elastic across it, plastering it down in the middle. This leaves two loops, one to hold the sheets of plaster and the other a tiny pair of scissors. Sew a small loop of rubber to the top to draw it out by, and then slip it into the case. This is a nice present for a gentleman.

Pretty Quilt for Baby.—Get two yards of thin cheese cloth. Cut in two equal lengths; spread one length on the table; smoothly cover with a thin layer of cotton batting, cover with the other length and knit with pink or blue zephyr; border with a crotcheted edging of zephyr to match.—MRS. ELLA SHELHAMER, Pasadna, Col.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Ladies' Leggings.—If "School-Girl" will try this pattern for ladies' leggings I think she will be well pleased. The lady who likes a woven straw hand-basket, and the ankle and toe are in small diamonds, with braided stripe on each side. Please try and report.

Cast on any number of stitches exactly divisible by ten. If Germantown yarn is used 70 stitches will make them large enough for a grown person. 1st—3d—5th and 7th rounds knit plain—2d—4th and 6th rounds purl. Now k 2—p 2 12 times around—20th—21st and 22d rounds k 3—p 7—23d round plain—24th—25th and 26th rounds k 3—p 7—taking for the 3 plain stitches the middle 3 of the 7 purled ones in the 20th—21st and 22d rounds—27th round plain—continue from the 20th round until it reaches the shoe top.

For the ankle: 1st round—k k 1—p 1—until you have taken off 26 stitches—k 9—repeat from x; 2d round same as 1st; 3d round x p 1—k 1—until you have taken off 26 stitches—k 9—repeat from x; 4th round "—k 1—p 1—until you have taken off 26 stitches—s 3 on an extra needle—put in front of other needles—k next 3—then k the 3 which you slipped off—k 3—repeat from x; 5th and 6th round same as 1st round; 7th round same as 3d; 8th round—x p 1—k 1—until you have taken off 26 stitches—k 3—s 3 on extra needle—put back of other needles—k 3—then k the 3 which you slipped off—repeat from x. Continue from 1st round until it reaches the heel. For the toe take the 26 stitches between the braided stripes on separate needles as for a stocking heel, and knit same stitch as the ankle, back and forth until the desired length. Then take up stitch on each side of toe, and then knit one round plain, and one round purl, until you have knit seven times around. Bind off loosely.—JENNIE B.

Handsome Spider Web Lace.—Make a chain of 50 stitches—turn 1st row—pass by 7 stitches—d c (putting 5 d c and over once in the next stitch)—ch 2—pass by 2 stitches—1 d c in next stitch—then 3 d c in the following 3 stitches—* ch 6—pass by 5 stitches—5 s c on the following 5 stitches—ch 6—pass by 5 stitches—4 d c on next 4 stitches—*. Repeat from * to *, then ch 11—turn. 2d row—pass by 8 stitches from the hook—4 d c on next 4 stitches—*—ch 3—pass by 2 stitches—4 d c on next 4 stitches—ch 6—3 s c on the middle 3 of the next 5 s c—ch 6—pass by 4 stitches—4 d c on next 4 stitches—*. Repeat from *, then alternately 2 ch and 1 d c in the 3d stitch till end of row—turn. 3d row—ch 5—pass by 2 stitches—1 d c on the foundation in the next stitch—[ch 2—pass by 2 stitches—1 d c in next stitch]—repeat the part in the bracket twice, then 3 d c on next 3 stitches—*—ch 4—1 tr c on the middle s c of the next 3—ch 4—pass by 4 stitches—4 d c on next 4 stitches—ch 4—1 tr c on the middle ch of next 3 stitches—ch 4—pass by 4 stitches—4 d c on next 4 stitches—*—repeat from *, then 11 ch—turn. 4th row—pass by 8 stitches from the hook—4 d c in next 4 stitches—*—ch 6—pass by 6 stitches—3 s c on the next 3 stitches—ch 6—pass by 6 stitches—4 d c on the next 4 stitches—ch 2—pass by 3 stitches—4 d c on next 4 stitches—*—repeat from * to *—then alternately ch 2 and 1 d c in 3d stitch till end of row—turn. 5th row—ch 5—pass by 2 stitches on foundation—1 d c in next stitch—[ch 2—pass 2 stitches—1 d c in next stitch]—repeat the part in bracket 4 times—then 3 d c on next 3 stitche—*—ch 6—pass by 8 stitches—3 c on next 5 stitches—ch 6—pass by 8 stitches, 4 d c on the next 4 stitches *; repeat from star to star, ch 11, turn; 6th row through the 13th row. Repeat twice from the 2d through the 5th row, but in each successive row work two chains, and one double crochet more than in the preceding row, and at the end of the 13th only five chain instead of eleven chain. For the 14th, through the 25th row work back in regular order from the 13th through the 1st row, but at the end of every odd row work only five chain instead of eleven chain, and in the beginning of every even row, instead of passing by eight stitches, pass only three. Continue to repeat from he 2d through the 25th ro w.—MRS. KITTIE DENNIS, Muskegon, Mich.

Correspondence.

A TALK ABOUT BABIES.—A sister of the HOUSEHOLD asked me, through the BLADE, some time since, for information in regard to the care of a baby. At that time I could not find opportunity to answer on account of the pressure of other duties; and I write now to tell something in regard to that matter. She said that her baby cried often and that she thought that perhaps he was hungry. Some babies need more food than others, and should have a full supply though they should not be indulged to repletion. There are many, so many cautions given in regard to overfeeding that I do not wonder that some go to the other extreme, and deny those little creatures what is absolutely necessary to sustain the health. Surely it is very unfair to deny the helpless little creatures the needed supply of food; and they cannot thrive when stinted for food. I heard a father once say: "My children are not like other peoples' children—they eat as soon as they're born." I told him that he never had any children before, and that he did not know all about them. He replied, "Yes, I do know. Some children will not eat as mine do." Well, that is the case. Some babies will not eat as long as they nurse, and some will be greatly rejoiced when they get to the table. A strong boy, that will grow, in time, into an able-bodied man, will require more sustenance than a delicate little girl; and I think that it is a good idea to give them food when hungry, and enough, and not too much. I think that grown people should eat when hungry, sleep when sleepy, and rest when tired; and as babies are miniature human beings, they should be treated as such, and should not be subjected to the rough and careless usage of what a little girl gives her doll; and many young mothers are guilty of the gross and culpable neglect of their babies which a careful, thoughtful little girl never practices towards her deaf and dumb toy babies. A good little girl usually knows that her dollie is safe, and mothers sometimes do not see and know that the baby is safe. I read of a mother not long since, who placed her sleeping baby in a bed, and soon after visitors came in, and threw their wraps on that same bed. The baby was quiet all the evening, giving no trouble, and it never gave a thought of trouble; for when the wraps were removed it was found a breathless, silent little form of clay, which they buried out of sight. A baby should never be deposited upon a bed or lounge which other people—strangers may be likely to use or occupy—those who do not know that there is a baby about the house. I may be considered old-fashioned when I say that every baby should have a cradle, crib, or some receptacle which no one can use in any way, in which to sleep during the day. I am partial to the cradle with rockers. I can tell that it injures a baby to rock it in a cradle. But I am not convinced; for some of the most intelligent men and women that I ever knew were rocked in cradles when babies—and rocked well, too. The foot was on the rocker at every complaint from the occupant. Babies need some exercise, and the rocking has a good effect in that direction. Perhaps a baby may be rocked and swung too much; but no necessity exists for over-rocking any more than for over-trotting or overfeeding. Babies should in all respects be treated judiciously, for their hold upon life is often very slight, and all possible effort should be made to strengthen that hold. If all persons who have the care of babies understood well the matter, there would be fewer little graves. I am glad that so many able women have taken up their pens in behalf of the babies. They have said much, and said it well too, but there yet remains much to be said, for there yet remain many who are in utter ignorance. I have seen much of suffering amongst babies. I saw one mother give her baby medicine, of which it stood in no need whatever, until she brought on disease, or the mother and grandmother between them administered the physic. I stood by and looked on, for I had no right to interfere. I did not even express my opinion; but when I reached home I told my sister that I should be glad when the child grew out of their hands. I thought that the time would come in which he could speak for himself, and they would cease to force upon him the nauseating medicines. I did not believe that they would murder him by their unwarrantable officiousness, neither do I certainly know that they did; but he never did grow out of their hands; he died: and how he lived so long as he did was a mystery. Some mothers give their babies water, and some do not, contending that they do not need water. Away back in the beautiful days of my happy childhood, I heard some one tell of a sick baby for which a physician was called, and when he arrived he gave the baby a drink of water; and that was all that he did, and all that was necessary for him to do, as the child was dying for the want of water. It revived at once when the water was given, and was soon in good health. Some writers on the subject of health advise against the use of water as a drink, and say that we should find in our food all the moisture required for the attainment of the highest health. But whatever may be said for or against drinking water, I still am firmly of the opinion that human beings are perfectly justifiable in drinking water as often and as much as they please.—MOSS ROSE.

A FEW WORDS.—I thought perhaps a few words from northwest Kansas might be of interest to some of the HOUSEHOLD. This is the nicest lying country I ever saw. It is very level and yet not flat. One can see from two to four miles in any direction, and the climate is delightful, so much sunshine and clear sky. This winter has been lovely, but little snow and the thermometer seldom down to zero. When we first came here I took a claim, lived on it a little over a year, then fagged out last November. Third, re-worked teachers of the East (and I know how to sympathize with you), it was the easiest and speediest way to make money that I have found. There are a number of other young ladies in the neighborhood holding claims.

I think the BLADE grows more interesting every week. It has been so much company to me this winter, for I have been one of the shut-in society for several months. Dear sister of the HOUSEHOLD, there is one thing I want to tell you, and that is, visit those who are getting well as much or more than those who are sick. When I was so low that I did not care to see any one, except those necessary to take care of me, there were a great many came in, but now, when I would enjoy company, there are but few. They seem to think when one is better, there is no need of going to see them; but if I can get able to visit the sick, I will remember my own experience.

I would be very much obliged if any of the readers of the BLADE could give some information about a town in Florida by the name of St. Andrews Bay, and please give address also, as I may wish to correspond with them on the subject.

"Young Fanneress," some of us are very anxiously waiting to know the success you have in training "John." Please let us hear; also tell us something about the little home when it is furnished.—A KANSAS SUNFLOWER.

THE CARPET BEETLE OR MOTH.—Nearly every one knows what these pests are and are anxious to know what to do to get rid of them as it is time to look after them. As I have had this formidable little foreigner as an inmate of my house, I'll give you a little of my experience and a three years battle with them. I have learned something about them. I have tried everything that I heard of, and the war is one has not been spasmotic but a continued fight every day from early spring until cold weather, and several times during the winter, as our house is heated with a furnace.

As to laying a damp cloth over the carpet and pressing with a hot iron, it is good as far as it goes, but will only kill those that the hot steam comes in contact with. These bugs do not stay around the edge of the carpet, but follow the cracks of the floor and creep on the underside of the carpet, hide behind the base, boards, the window casings, and can only be reached by them. No more addresses wanted. —E. C. TORRANCE, Crab Tree P. O., Westmoreland county, Pa.

I want to take a course of training in cookery preparatory to practicing it in the city. Will that give me as fair a view of it as the best way to proceed? What wages do good cooks receive in the city; also good girls for general housework? Can a competent person readily find such work in the city, with pleasant homes and no more to do than can well be endured by a girl of moderate health? I have a good home, and seen a little of the world, under existing circumstances, believe I should be out in it doing something.—AMANDA.

You would have to go to some city where there is a good cooking school, in order to receive such lessons in that way. If you can not do that, find some first-class cook and take private lessons, then get good cook books and study the methods, and if you can experiment by yourself, do so. Professional cooks in restaurants, hotels, etc., receive all the way from $500 a year up to $3,000, and even more. For general housework, from $8 to $5 a week can be commanded by competent girls, and good places can always be secured.—ED.

I see in my last copy of the BLADE you recommend a metal band to be worn on the wrist for epilepsy. Please tell me through the BLADE what kind and where I can get one, as I have a case that don't seem to yield to medicine.

Get a medical journal which contains advertisements, and you will probably find where they can be procured. If not, write to some leading physician representing the paper.—ED.

Some one writes to know whether pillow shams have gone out of style or not. A late fancy is to do without them and have a handsome spread long enough to come up over the pillow. However, the fact that elegant shams are seen in places where such articles are sold, shows that they still retain their popularity.—ED.

Recipes.

Angel Cake.—Take 1 large coffeecupful of the best flour and add to it 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar; sift it through a fine sieve 7 times; beat to a stiff froth the whites of 11 eggs; add to them slowly, as if you were making frosting, 1½ cupful of powdered sugar and 1 teaspoonful of extract of vanilla; then stir in the flour, sifting through the fingers slowly. Bake in a deep, unbuttered tin, and do not remove until quite cold.—NINA.

Breakfast Cakes.—One cupful of cornmeal, 1 teaspoonful of salt and 1 tablespoonful of sugar. Scald the meal; then add 2 tablespoonfuls of milk, 1 egg and 1 tablespoonful of flour, into which you have stirred 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir all well together, butter your griddle, put on large spoonfuls, and fry a light brown. Serve hot.—MRS. E. W. M.

How to Make Good Buckwheat Cakes.—Use sour buttermilk, soda to sweeten and salt to taste, with flour to make a batter stiff enough to bake well, and bake at once—. SUBSCRIBER.

Dry Yeast.—Scald 1 pt buttermilk, and add cornmeal to make a stiff batter. When sufficiently cool add 1 cupful strong yeast or two cakes of store yeast; one tablespoonful each of salt, sugar and ginger, (the ginger can be omitted.) Let the yeast rise; when quite light stir in as much cornmeal as the yeast will take and spread on a board. Do not dry in the sun. Half a teacupful of this yeast will do a large baking. It is far superior to hop yeast. I make the sponge at night, with potato water, and when it can be obtained I mix my bread with hot whey; it makes such sweet moist bread. I hope some member of the HOUSEHOLD will try this and report.—K. H. G.

Sugar Cookies.—2 cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful butter (not melted), ½ cupful sweet milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful saleratus.—REBECCA.

Liquid Glue.—To 1 oz. of borax, in 1 pt. of boiling water, add 2 ozs. of shellac, and boil till the shellac is dissolved. Another: Dissolve 5 ozs. of the best glue in ½ pt. of water; then let boil add slowly, and keep stirring, 2½ ozs. of strong aquafortis; keep well corked, ready for use. Another: A useful glue for fastening papers together, only by being wetted by the tongue, is made as follows: Dissolve 1 lb. of glue or gelatine in water, and ½ lb. of brown sugar, and boil them together. Make into cakes by pouring into shapes. It becomes solid when cold.—*Scientific American.*

Baked Toast.—Pare the crust from slices of stale bread and toast quickly. As each is done, scrape off every sign of burn or freezing ground, and turn, etc. This is better than washing. The ground draws the filth out."

How about the vermin? How can we get rid of them? Many beds have them.

Moths, worms and feather bugs, and other parasites are often, quite often, found in beds. To kill and leave them in the ticks only adds to filth. No, I do not like to call that "cleaning."

The introduction of superheated steam is, in our judgment, the only effectual method of ridding feathers or hair, (and even furniture) of vermin and those noxious gases that are offensive to comfort, health and life.

The editor says, "it can be alone in cities," yes, and in many smaller towns, which a little inquiry will prove.

The only apology for the length of this article is the importance of the subject.—S. C. COSBIN, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Inquiries.

For myself and others, would like to get information about each of the two sections of Washington Territory. The advantages and disadvantages peculiar to each, especially regarding healthfulness of climate. How long and how cold are the winters? Is the climate trying for persons with weak lungs? Enervating or bracing? If East and West Washington differ in healthfulness, which is best? Would some readers of the BLADE in those localities kindly answer through the HOUSEHOLD, or correspond with me on the subject?—E. L. C.

The recipe for making food for mocking birds is requested as offered a short time since by "Lucy."—F. C.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE tell me what to do for my leopard plant? A small black worm eats the leaves. The plant is six years old and has never been troubled with them before. I would like to know what has become of M. L. Coder. I sent stamp and address, but have not received the pine seed. Is there any government land in Florida that is of any value? —MRS. H. L. CLAFLIN.

Will you give me, or can you tell me where I can get a catalogue of all Fanny Fern's books?—MRS. L. A. GARVER, Argenta, Ill.

Will some one please mention some town or towns in the East where a good music teacher can find plenty of work and not interfere with other teachers? Also, how, when and where, and with what pay one can find work as table-girl at summer resorts?—A FRIEND.

Please re-publish the directions for weaving a rug that published in the last issue of the BLADE in September, 1885. I was not a subscriber at that time (though a reader of the paper) and the number is destroyed that had the directions in it. I have forgotten how the chain was put in the reed; also, how much warp.—MRS. NANNIE HOLLAND.

We cannot look up pattern desired. If any one has it and will send it to us, if not too long, we will re-publish it.—ED.

Please give instruction in china painting. —L. H. J.

If any of the readers of the BLADE have husk tomato seeds of which they will spare me a few, or will inform me where I can obtain some, I will reward them for the same. I cannot find any for sale at seed stores.—MRS. HENRY ABBOTT, Woodruff, Kan.

Will some kind reader give a recipe for hoarseness in throat? I have been troubled with it for about a year; can't stand to read five minutes at a time.—H. W. R.

Will some one who is fond of flowers, and living in California or Florida, please send their address as I would like to correspond?—MRS. FRANCES WIGHT, Round Grove, Lawrence Co., Mo.

Will some one of your readers tell me how to make a pretty rag carpet? If any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD would like seed of the Cypress vine and will send a stamped self-addressed envelope, I will send some to any address.—M. E. HOWELL, Neville, Ohio.

Answers to Inquiries.

They are more satisfactory in every respect. I would like to say to School Girl that I find violets do best in a slightly moist and shady spot, but of course here in Southern California they do beautifully under any and all circumstances.—MRS. ELLA SHELHAMER, Pasakena, California.

Will you please give me the address of Arthur's *Home Magazine*, and oblige yours truly? MRS. M. P. BUXTON, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fifty or more addresses have been received earnestly requesting good reading matter. I will supply a number of these and any one sending postage will be supplied, and please send immediately, as postage must be prepaid; also state church preference—if any. I will aim to suit you.

If any one who reads these lines has an interest in, but no time for this work, will be pleased to send postage, the writer will acknowledge the receipt of the same, and use it to help those living in out-of-the-way places in the far-west who are anxious for and worthy of but unable to obtain food for the mind. No more addresses wanted. —E. C. TORRANCE, Crab Tree P. O., Westmoreland county, Pa.

I want to take a course of training in cookery preparatory to practicing it in the city. Will that give me as fair a view of it as the best way to proceed? What wages do good cooks receive in the city; also good girls for general housework? Can a competent person readily find such work in the city, with pleasant homes and no more to do than can well be endured by a girl of moderate health? I have a good home, and seen a little of the world, under existing circumstances, believe I should be out in it doing something.—AMANDA.

You would have to go to some city where there is a good cooking school, in order to receive such lessons in that way. If you can not do that, find some first-class cook and take private lessons, then get good cook books and study the methods, and if you can experiment by yourself, do so. Professional cooks in restaurants, hotels, etc., receive all the way from $500 a year up to $3,000, and even more. For general housework, from $8 to $5 a week can be commanded by competent girls, and good places can always be secured.—ED.

I see in my last copy of the BLADE you recommend a metal band to be worn on the wrist for epilepsy. Please tell me through the BLADE what kind and where I can get one, as I have a case that don't seem to yield to medicine.

Get a medical journal which contains advertisements, and you will probably find where they can be procured. If not, write to some leading physician representing the paper.—ED.

Some one writes to know whether pillow shams have gone out of style or not. A late fancy is to do without them and have a handsome spread long enough to come up over the pillow. However, the fact that elegant shams are seen in places where such articles are sold, shows that they still retain their popularity.—ED.

Recipes.

Angel Cake.—Take 1 large coffeecupful of the best flour and add to it 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar; sift it through a fine sieve 7 times; beat to a stiff froth the whites of 11 eggs; add to them slowly, as if you were making frosting, 1½ cupful of powdered sugar and 1 teaspoonful of extract of vanilla; then stir in the flour, sifting through the fingers slowly. Bake in a deep, unbuttered tin, and do not remove until quite cold.—NINA.

Breakfast Cakes.—One cupful of cornmeal, 1 teaspoonful of salt and 1 tablespoonful of sugar. Scald the meal; then add 2 tablespoonfuls of milk, 1 egg and 1 tablespoonful of flour, into which you have stirred 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir all well together, butter your griddle, put on large spoonfuls, and fry a light brown. Serve hot.—MRS. E. W. M.

How to Make Good Buckwheat Cakes.—Use sour buttermilk, soda to sweeten and salt to taste, with flour to make a batter stiff enough to bake well, and bake at once—. SUBSCRIBER.

Dry Yeast.—Scald 1 pt buttermilk, and add cornmeal to make a stiff batter. When sufficiently cool add 1 cupful strong yeast or two cakes of store yeast; one tablespoonful each of salt, sugar and ginger, (the ginger can be omitted.) Let the yeast rise; when quite light stir in as much cornmeal as the yeast will take and spread on a board. Do not dry in the sun. Half a teacupful of this yeast will do a large baking. It is far superior to hop yeast. I make the sponge at night, with potato water, and when it can be obtained I mix my bread with hot whey; it makes such sweet moist bread. I hope some member of the HOUSEHOLD will try this and report.—K. H. G.

Sugar Cookies.—2 cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful butter (not melted), ½ cupful sweet milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful saleratus.—REBECCA.

Liquid Glue.—To 1 oz. of borax, in 1 pt. of boiling water, add 2 ozs. of shellac, and boil till the shellac is dissolved. Another: Dissolve 5 ozs. of the best glue in ½ pt. of water; then let boil add slowly, and keep stirring, 2½ ozs. of strong aquafortis; keep well corked, ready for use. Another: A useful glue for fastening papers together, only by being wetted by the tongue, is made as follows: Dissolve 1 lb. of glue or gelatine in water, and ½ lb. of brown sugar, and boil them together. Make into cakes by pouring into shapes. It becomes solid when cold.—*Scientific American.*

Baked Toast.—Pare the crust from slices of stale bread and toast quickly. As each is done, scrape off every sign of burn or freezing ground, and turn, etc. This is better than washing. The ground draws the filth out."

How about the vermin? How can we get rid of them? Many beds have them.

Moths, worms and feather bugs, and other parasites are often, quite often, found in beds. To kill and leave them in the ticks only adds to filth. No, I do not like to call that "cleaning."

The introduction of superheated steam is, in our judgment, the only effectual method of ridding feathers or hair, (and even furniture) of vermin and those noxious gases that are offensive to comfort, health and life.

The editor says, "it can be alone in cities," yes, and in many smaller towns, which a little inquiry will prove.

The only apology for the length of this article is the importance of the subject.—S. C. COSBIN, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Inquiries.

For myself and others, would like to get information about each of the two sections

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CHESTERFIELD, MICH.	ELMIRA, MICH.	Belle Waite
John Russell	Sarah Kelso	Sim'le Cummings
Arthur Peters	Martha Kelso	Lulu Southard
Florence Peters	Wm Kelso	Amy Shear
Noria Milton	John Kelso	Emma Wolf
Lillian Shattuck	Andrew T Kelso	Annie Blackman
Jessie Herriman	Rosa Davis	Mabel Donahue
Burt Grandy	Emma Graham	Luretta Eckert
Louise Todd	Emma Proper	HUME, ILL.
Allie Yates	Dolly Proper	Johnnie Skeen
Jennie Russell	Agnes Proper	Gracie Skeen
Maud L. Hart	Lily B Green	WEST STEWARTS TOWN, N. H.
Jessie Farr	Nora Munn	Henry A Allen
Carrie Briggs	Dwight Munn	Willie F Allen
Hattie Devinney	Emma Dixon	Fred Hutchinson
Mary Fuller	Clarence Tittle	W L Hutchinson
Walter Knight	Sophronia Ball	Jennie Hutch'son
Byron Sutherland	Ida Ball	Lora Hutchinson
Fred Miller	Ora Ball	Mabel Stillings
Frank Farr	Willie Brennan	Minnie H Tuttle
Jennie Sutherl'd	Hebert Searess	Jos F Hunt
C Leonardson	LEADVILLE, COLO.	Frank McAlaster
Oscar Dennison	Pearl Williams	Francis Farnham
Flora Harper	May Sepell	Maud E Dalton
Jas Leonardson	Bessie Dawson	Annie V Downs
Eddie Farr	Hilma Brown	Lizzie Kubbe
Bertie Hoffer	Maggie Ferries	Clarence Tuttle
Sallie Milton	Amy Court	Elwin I Billiard
Carrie Corey	Katie Bodecker	Allee Farnham
Jennie Donaldson	Lillie Bodecker	Gertie Sweet
Morris Townsend	Lottie Johnson	CANAAN, VT.
Dana Cleveland	Addie M'Cormick	Bernice Watts
Eber Donaldson	Tudie Hutton	Minnie Goddard
Clark Parker	Effie Heisley	Alice Vancor
Aggie Leonard's n	Amelia Dutton	Percy Bean
Robt Leonard's n	Tudie Hutton	Kittie A Brooks
Seymour Yates	Lucy Merritt	

Names this week, 305. Total, 19,763.

The above embraces all names received up to April 28.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A LITTLE SCHOLAR.

While their lessons for the morrow—
All the other children learn,
Oft I see a tiny toddler
With a look of grave concern,
On the top she spreads a volume,
And a clothes-pin is her pen;
By herself she softly chatters,
"Four and six and two and ten."

In her quiet little corner,
On her brow a studious frown,
How she pores above those pages—
They are just now upside down—
Till the book like patience ceases!
If I beg my little wren
For a kiss, I get this answer:
"Four and six and two and ten."

At his very busy playmate
Pussy looks with blinking eyes;
Then she stands him in the corner,
Very much to his surprise,
And she holds the book before him.
Though he mews a protest then.
She is teaching puss his lesson—
"Four and six and two and ten."

In the tranquil hush of bed-time,
When the good-night kisses fall,
From her lonely little corner
My wee scholar flies to me;
And I ask how much she loves me—
Press her rose-lips once again;
While she hugs me and she whispers,
"Four and six and two and ten."

—*George Cooper, in Harper's Young Folks.*

BOB'S BABY.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESON.

For the first time in his life little George Bland found himself living on an island, and yet he always had lived precisely where he was still living. He had been born there, and had spent every day of his seven years in that home on the bank of the Ohio river. But now the river was "on the rampage." A great flood had come, and the water was far above the banks. The river—which is usually about three-quarters of a mile wide—had now spread out over all the lowlands, and stretched up the hills on one side to those on the other, a distance in some places of five miles or more. All the towns were flooded and all the farms under water. Where the ground was low, nothing could be seen of the farm-houses except the tops of their chimneys; where it was higher, only the upper stories were filled with water, and the people were still living on the second floors at the risk of being swept away.

Bob's home stood on the bank of the river, but the ground at that point was a long, narrow ridge, above the level of the water, and so the house stood high and dry, though the water covered half of the front yard. Back of the house the land was lower, and, while the house was out of water, the fields back of it were flooded. The ridge on which the house stood was now a long narrow island, with two or three miles of river in front and a mile of river behind it. That is how it happened that little Bob Bland found himself living on an island for the first time in his life, though he had never changed his home.

The river was a grand sight, though a terrible one. The great mass of water moved at as a speed of five miles an hour, carrying with it all kinds of floating things. Great trees uprooted in the woodlands, hay-stacks from the farms, rafts of logs from the saw-mills, millions of fence rails, hundreds of gates, barn doors, house roofs, and now and then whole houses were swept along in a confused mass of rubbish with the force of the whole stream.

It was a grand thing just to watch the never-ending tide of floating things as they passed by, and little Bob could not keep his eyes off the river. He had passed the whole morning on the upper end of the island, watching the farm hands as they worked, with skiffs, catching and bringing ashore everything of value that came new floating past. They had brought ashore a score of flat-boats oars, many fine pieces of timber, two skiffs, and other things of value, but it was noon now, and the men had gone to dinner.

Bob did not want any dinner. He wanted to watch the river, and so he staid where he was, nearly half a mile from the house. He perched himself on the top rail of a fence, so that he might see further out over the stream, and many times he saw things floating by which he would have liked to bring ashore.

There was a steamboat yawl, for one thing, and it tempted him greatly, for such a boat is worth about a $100, and it passed so near the shore that Bob was sure he might have caught it if he had dared go out alone in a skiff. But that was against his orders and his promise. He was only a little 10-year-old boy, and, although he knew how to row a little, he would not have let him go out alone upon such a flood, and all the mass of drift. Even the men had to be very cautious when they went out, like so many egg-shells between the heavy trees and saw-logs. So Bob had been strictly ordered to stay on shore, and had promised to do so. He watched the yawl as it floated past him, wishing and wishing that he might get it; but wishing did not bring it ashore, and so it was swept along, and passed out of sight.

When Bob could see it no longer, he turned to look up the river again. Presently he saw something coming which puzzled him. It looked at first like a dark block of wood with spots of red and white on top. He stood up on top of the fence to get a better look as the thing came nearer. It now began to look like an open box about eighteen inches wide and three feet long, with some red and white spotted thing lying inside. It came nearer and nearer, while Bob strained his eyes to make it out.

As the thing came just in front of the place where he stood he spoke.

"I declare," he said, "I do believe—No, it can't be—but it looks like—"

Just then, if you had been watching him, you would have thought that Master Bob Bland had gone crazy. He leaped to the ground as suddenly as if he had been shot. His cap fell off, but he did not stop to pick it up. He ran to the nearest skiff, cast it loose, jumped in, and in another moment was out in the stream rowing "like mad" through the drift.

Never in his life before had Bob Bland disobeyed his mother or broken his promise, but now he was doing both at the risk of his life, for he had seen something in that box which made him forget all about orders and promises and danger to himself.

The box was a cradle, and Bob had seen that there was a live baby in it.

Quick as he had been, the rapid current had carried the cradle past the head of the island before Bob had made the first stroke with his oars. It was 50 yards ahead of him, and Bob knew that it would not be easy to overtake it. It would have been easy enough, of course, if there had been no other drift, but in such a mass of rubbish the cradle was a mere speck, easily lost sight of. Besides, Bob had to sit with his back toward it in rowing, and so he had to stop every few strokes to stand up and look for the cradle. He to had row slowly, too, and make his way carefully in a zigzag course, to avoid the heavy timbers, but little by little he gained on the cradle.

At last he came within a few yards of it, and saw the pretty little sunny-haired baby lying there wide-awake, and looking at him with its big blue eyes. But there was a great uprooted tree floating between the skiff and the cradle. Bob saw that he must row around this tree before he could get to the baby. He would not have minded this much if the tree had been floating quietly, but it was not. The swirling currents were turning it over and twisting it about, so that its long brancher were threshing the water in a very wild fashion, and, as Bob could see, some of them struck very near the cradle. What if one should strike it! Bob shuddered as he thought of losing the baby in that way after coming so near to it, for it had a strong hold upon his heart, now that he had seen it close at hand. Bob's own little baby sister, with golden hair and large blue eyes, had been very dear to him until God had taken her away. That was only a few months before this time, and the boy's heart was still aching for the little loved one wh

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

INSECT PESTS.—Will you please tell me what will keep worms off currant bushes; also, what will keep those bugs off grapes without injuring the bushes or vines?—SUBSCRIBER, Beaver Falls, Pa. [The currant worms come from eggs laid by a small fly. The larvæ hatches in a few days after being laid. The remedy that has met with most favor is pyrenthrum powder. Apply this late in the evening just about dark. The powder should be fresh. At times it is sold when there is no life in it. The bushes may be dusted with a small bellows made for the purpose. Pyrethrum will also destroy rose bugs. There is a moth called the grape berry moth, which injures grape vines. The worm from the egg enters the fruit and destroys it. The only way to get rid of it is to burn the fallen leaves to destroy the chrysalides.—ED.]

H. L. PRATT, Chatauqua Co., N. Y.: Your cow has a diseased condition of the blood, which gives her a depraved appetite. To bring her to a natural condition, begin by giving her three-quarters of a pound of epsom salts and a teacupful of molasses stirred thoroughly in a pint of moderately warm water. After this has operated, give this for a week: Sulphate of iron, two drachms, powdered nux vomica, one drachm; powdered gentian, one ounce. This amount once a day. The second week give wheat bran to eat once a day, in which there is equal proportions, a tablespoonful of charcoal, hardwood ashes and salt. Curry your cow the same as you would a horse, and do not give one kind of food any length of time. An animal needs a change of food, the same as a human being. Salt should at all times be placed where the cow may lick at it when she wishes.—ED.

W. J. HOWES, Knox county, Ohio—We know of no rubber sack to fit on a cow's tents to keep her from leaking her milk. The udder is not uniform in different breeds of cows, and it also varies in the same breed. The corresponding parts of the same udder are not always uniform. Cows have the power to hold up their milk. The cow may be made to give less milk, which would prevent the losing of her milk, by giving such food as does not produce milk, and no great amount of water. We cannot recommend any application to the teats to prevent your cow from losing milk. Many cows with full udders lose some of their milk.—ED.]

MARSTON DEWITT, Worth county, Mo.—The lumps that come on your horse's shoulder when he is worked and go away when he is idle originate in the swelling of the glands at the root of the hair when the horse is being worked. These lumps are known to veterinarians, when they develope, as sitfasts, and are more frequently found in the spring of the year than at any other time, and are caused by the chafing of the collar. Where they have not reached the point of suppuration, as in your horse, the best thing for you to do will be to give the animal an ounce of sulphur in his feed every morning for about a week. Rub the shoulders three times a day with cold water and salt. Make the water strong with the salt. While you are giving the sulphur keep the horse in a dry place and out of the rain.—ED.

GEORGE W. LIVELY, Barton county, Mo.: Your cow is suffering from chronic catarrh, which is a difficult thing to cure. Give her, first, a pound of Epson salts in a quart to three pints of water in which a teacupful of molasses and a teaspoonful of ginger have been stirred. The salts should be dissolved in the water when boiling hot and the mixture given when the water is a little warm. After this has operated, give a full tablespoonful of sulphur in the feed every day for a week. The nostrils should be washed for four or five successive days with tincture of chloride of iron, one ounce; water, one quart. This amount for each injection. The cow should not be allowed to get wet, and should be kept in a dry place.—ED.]

J. C. CONKLING, Michigan—It would be impossible for us to give a correct diagnosis of the disease of which your cow died. You omitted to tell whether she manifested suffer pain, whether her bowels were loose or constipated, whether the cough was occasional or frequent, whether her coat was staring, etc. It seems to us, in the absence of necessary information, that your cow died from blood poisoning and hereditary scrofula. We advise you to thoroughly disinfect the hall or stable in which the cow was kept, before admitting others. We think that no medicine could have been administered that would have saved your cow.—ED.]

A. J. A., Camero Co., Pa.: [Your cow has a touch of garget. Give her this: Three-fourths of a pound of epsom salts, a teacupful of molasses, and a full teaspoonful of ginger, mixed and put in a quart of boiling water. Give this to the cow before the water sinks to a tepid state. After this has operated give her an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water twice a day for a week. Begin at once and apply this with gentle friction to the udder and teats: Powdered camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladonna, two ounces; water, two ounces. Mix well before applying. Give only a moderate quantity of water.—ED.]

G. L. CLARK, Michigan—We are afraid you have dosed your colt with too harsh medicine. As she is poor and does not urinate properly, treat as follows: First give her eight ounces of raw linseen oil and half a ounce of saltpetre. When this has operated, give her this ball: One and a half drachms of powdered cupher and half an ounce of saltpetre. Then give her for three days afterward, once a day, bicarbonate of soda, one fourth ounce; powdered gentian one fourth ounce; powdered nux vomia, eight grains.—ED.]

A reader asks us to reprint an article that appeared in the Weekly BLADE on caponizing fowls. The date of the paper should have been referred to, as it requires much valuable time to look over back numbers. We give the following article from the *Poultry World* on caponizing, which embraces the information asked for:

"DIRECTIONS FOR CAPONIZING.—The object of caponizing is to improve the quality and increase the quantity of the flesh of fowls. A capon will outgrow a cock of the same age just as an ox will exceed a bull in weight, and the same reasons, which are, that castration makes an animal less restless and quarrelsome, and less of the nutriment it digests is diverted from flesh-forming. The operation is not very difficult, and is quicker performed after a little practice.

"The instruments consist a pair of crooked concave forceps, pointed hook, a pair of tweezers, and a steel splint with a broad, flat hook at each end. Remove the feathers upon a spot a little larger than a watch, at a point upon a line between the thigh and the shoulder. Next, pull the skin backward, so that it may slip forward again after the operation is completed, and with a keen knife make an incision an inch and a half long parallel with the last two ribs, and between them, until the intestines are visible, taking care not to injure the laiter. Now separate the ribs by attaching one of the hooks to each, and allowing the ends of the splint to spread, as they will do when let go. The intestines may be pushed away with a teaspoon handle, or other flat, smooth instrument, and when the testicles are found (attached to the back), the tissue which covers them must be held by the tweezers, and torn open with the pointed hook. Next grab one of the testicles with the crooked concave forceps, and with the tweezers lay hold of the spermatic cord, to which the testicle is attached. Now twist the testicle off with the crooked concave forceps, after which the operation is repeated on the other testicle, the incision is closed (no sewing being necessary), the skin allowed to resume its place, and then the feathers which were removed are stuck on the outside, and left to adhere by means of the blood, forming the only bandage necessary. Take pains not to disturb the parts to which the testicles are attached. The pressure of the forceps is sufficient to prevent pain and, loss of blood. Wrenching off the testicles is more humane than the old mode of cutting them with the horse-hair and is more expeditious, and torsion produce less bleeding than cutting does.

"There need be no more than six or eight per cent. of the birds killed, even by an indifferent operator; and as these die by bleeding to death, they may be be eaten as if they had been butchered in the regular way. To avoid bleeding, take care not to rupture the large blood vessels attached to the organs removed. The best age for cockerels to be operated upon is three or four months. In order that the intestines may not be distended, prepare the bird by shutting it up without food or drink for 36 hours previous to the operation. Capons continue to grow fat for a long time, and they should be kept until 20 months old in order to gain the full advantage of the operation.

"The feathers of each side of the incision can be twisted together with the bloody fingers to help hold the wound together. After the operation give the birds plenty of water, but feed very sparingly with soft cooked food until they move around with ease and begin to scratch. If fed on the full with hard grain at first, some will die.

"Caponizing may be defended against objections on the score of cruelty just as well as castrating colts, calves, pigs and lambs. The rearing of capons will certainly be followed to a great extent in this country so soon as the people learn the excellent quality of the flesh, which is not only extremely delicate and juicy, but the birds grow to nearly the size of turkeys, and are so quiet that their growth is produced with less feed than in the case of fowls. Already there are many going into the business. Capons command prices from thirty to fifty per cent. higher than the common fowl."

Answers to Inquiries.

RECIPE FOR GRAFTING WAX.—Take 1 pt. linseed oil, 1 lb. beeswax, 6 lbs. rosin, melt all together, pour into cold water and when cool enough grease your hands and work it by drawing it out, doubling it up and drawing, etc., till it becomes a nice yellow. This is also an excellent sticking salve for cuts, etc.—HELEN HELLEMS, Michigan.

Dehorning Cattle.

Mr. R. S. Stoddard, of Jennings, La., sends us the annexed "Report on Dehorning," written by Mr. S. A. Converse for the Howard County, Ia., *Times*:

"Inasmuch as I was the first one for whom Mr. Richards dehorned cattle after he had prepared himself for the work, it may be well for me to make a report, in answer to the request in the *Times* of the 10th.

First, I will say that I had kept track of the work of dehorning, where it has been in practice for several years, and had for the past two years been satisfied that it was entirely practicable and safe to remove the horns at any age, and only waited for some one to come who had the necessary experience, and as soon as I learned that W. H. Richards had experimented enough to know how it was done, I at once requested him to dehorn my cattle. It was done about the last week in January; 90 head, in ages from 10 months to 12 years. Cattle were in good condition and in perfect health. None of them have shown any signs of sickness, never losing or refusing a feed at any time. I have as yet discovered *no evil* results, but *all* the advantages there are in having cattle without horns, which are very many. The cattle have done better and improved in condition on the same feed, the same grain feed at least, but we feed a little more hay. Finding that they cleaned up the hay closer in the mangers we increased the feed of hay. I attribute this to the fact that, without horns, they cannot prevent each other from freely reaching any hay there is in the manger, while with horns we all know that cattle do, more or less, interfere with each other in reaching the feed in mangers, even though they are not quarrelsome. The cattle have become more quiet and gentle one towards another, and therefore feed closer, and lie down closer in sheds or yards. They have also become tame and easy to approach, which I attribute to the difference in the way they are handled by the men. While they had horns, it usually required a man and a team in the barn when the cattle were turned in at night, and often the stick was used to prevent them from goring each other or to chastise them for doing it. This had a tendency to make the cattle fear the approach of man. Now without horns there is none of this goring and no need of the man and stick. The door is opened and the cattle go in and take their places, and there is nothing to irritate the man, because they do not hurt each other. Consequently the cattle don't get one blow from the men now where they perhaps got twenty before, they became tame and not afraid of the approach of man. At the time of dehorning we were milking about fifteen cows and the flow of milk was not changed so as to be perceptible. We get the same number of cans of milk every milking, without any more variation than is often seen without any known cause or causes to attribute it to. The suppuration and discharge is not more than would be found in any ordinary wound in cattle, varnt skin; different in animals. In some it heals up with almost no discharge of pus, and in *very many* of them it has been but very little, and in a few cases it has been considerable. At this date many are entirely healed over and the scab fallen off, leaving all closed up and smooth. Others not yet healed over, but nearly one apparently not closing up. Some of them renew the wound in part, as I have seen them apparently forget that they had lost their horns, and would strike another animal hard enough to tear off the scab, and start a little fresh blood, which again causes it to be longer in a perfect recovery.

Some ask, "Don't it cause great pain?" "hurt them bad?" I answer, yes, undoubtedly the operation is more or less painful, but it is of short duration. From the time the saw starts until the horn drops is only from ten to fifteen seconds, as found by the watch when the operator did not know what being timed. After the saw stops there is no indication of acute pain, but there is undoubtedly a soreness while healing, the same as any other wound.

Some people say it is cruel, to which I answer, that depends upon for what purpose you inflict the pain. If you do it for amusement, it is cruel. Man has no right to inflict pain upon dumb brutes unless there is a compensating good; but where there is resulting good either to the brute creation or to mankind, then we have undoubted right to inflict any necessary pain required to secure those good results. Upon this ground alone can we defend the practice of docking horses' tails, or taking off lambs' tails, etc., which are such common practices that no one thinks of calling them cruel.

Compare the operation of dehorning with that of castration and we find that in the latter there is apparently so much more suffering, sickness and danger that the operation of dehorning pales into insignificance in comparison, yet we do not think ourselves cruel even to inflict this great pain on the brutes. I think the question of cruelty is answered when this one question is answered, Is it done for a good purpose? Or is there good resulting from it either to brute or to humankind? Let those answer this have seen the results before we who know nothing of actual results too harshly condemn.

I will gladly answer any questions which may be asked by private correspondence or otherwise.

For Arbor Day.

The button ball tree is a fine ornamental tree.

White oak makes one of the finest park trees.

Paper birch is one of the most ornamental of trees.

Wild black cherry makes a fine timber or ornamental tree.

Cucumber tree is a fine tree for lawn or park, neat in appearance.

Butternut is a rapid growing tree on good soil, and ornamental.

Black walnut is a first class tree for ornamental and useful work.

Bitternut is very rapid, growing on moist soils even if the soil is this.

Shell-bark hickory, though growing in almost all situations, does best in deep, rich loam.

The English, American or Dutch elm will grow in any situation and make good-sized trees.

Hemlock is valuable on hillsides having an eastern or northern exposure and near water.

Red maple will grow on any soil, but seldom makes a large tree unless in moist ground.

Black or cherry birch will grow on the poorest rocky soil; good for ornamental planting.

Red pine is a fine tree for light lands; of rapi d growth, and desirable as an ornamental tree

Locust does well on comparatively thin soils, although in some sections it is troubled with the borer.

Pignut hickory is one of the best of timber trees, useful and ornamental; stout-growing on poor land.

White ash is a tree of the first order for timber, makes a fine roadside tree, but is late in coming into leaf.

Sugar maple is good as a forest or ornamental tree; will do well on rocky hillsides, when once established.

American chestnuts does well on any soil that is well drained, good for timber plantations, park or roadside.

All the large growing thorns form fine fringes along the borders of woodlands or parks, attractive in fruit or flower.

Western catalpa is highly prized on account of its rapid growth and its durability; fine also as an ornamental tree.

Three-cornered acacia is rapid growing on any ordinary land, fine foliage, suitable for yard, as hedge or isolated specimen.

American beech is a fine tree for grouping in parks or pleasure grounds, and does well in a thin soil when once establi hed.

Red, or river birch, naturally grows in low grounds, but a fine ornamental tree in any good loam; fine for parks or plantations along streams.

Agricultural Notes.

The droppings from sheep are highly concentrated and should be carefully saved, the best mode of so doing being to mix them with the compost heap.

Great Britain makes from her own orchards 20,000,000 gallons of cider annually, and imports about 900,000 barrels of apples from the United States.

The profit or loss in dairying depends upon the calves. To sell the calves and rely upon buying fresh cows is very risky and has caused more loss than anything else.

—The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON CLERKS

The Chance for Promotion Which Every Clerk Has Who is Honest and Faithful —Some of the Many Temptations Which Young Men in Business Have.

BROOKLYN, April 24.—At the Tabernacle this morning, the pastor, Rev T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., read from the Book of Proverbs, some lessons about honest thrift. His discourse was entitled "Behind the Counter; or, Trials and Encouragements of Salesmen and Saleswomen." He took the two following passages as his text: "And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened."—Acts xvi. 14. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."—Proverbs xxii. 29. The preacher said:—

The first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonenity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten; but God has made immortal in our text, Lydia, the Christian saleswoman.

The other text shows you a man with head, and hand, and heart, and foot, all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magician, may wave her arm in that direction until castles and places come; but she will, after a while, invert the same wand, and all all the splendors will vanish into thin air. There are certain styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor, and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor, and moral default. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy for those who would prepare young for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to church or state who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to curb but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I come out this morning and utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores and shops and banking-houses of the country. You say: "Why select one class and talk to one specially this morning?" For the same reason that a surgeon does not open the door of a hospital and throw in a bushel of prescriptions, saying: "Come, now, and get your medicine." He first feels the pulse, watches the symptoms, and then prescribes for that particular case. So to-day I must be specific. The people in this audience who are clerks are in an exceptional class. They belong to a great company of tens of thousands who are in this country, amid circumstances which will either make or reak them for time and eternity. I should be very slow to acknowledge that the clerks, male and female, of other cities, are any more honest or faithful than the clerks of our own city. Many of these people have already achieved a Christian manliness and a Christian womanliness which will be their passport to any position. I have seen their trials. I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down, and dragged out in the noonday light.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After your store December day, the head man of the firm will call you into the back office, and they will say to you, "Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict very gracefully. Getting into a street car to go home an old comrade will meet you and ask: "What makes you look so happy to-night?" "Oh," you will say, "nothing, nothing." But in a few days your name will blossom on the sign. Either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel to-day that I am standing before people who will yet have their hand on the helm of the world's commerce, and you will turn it this way or that; now clerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, presidents of railroads—your voice mighty "on 'Change" —standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For though we who are in the professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropies, after all, the merchants must come forth with their millions to sustain the movements. Be, therefore, patient and diligent in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in another place. What you consider your disadvantage are your grand opportunities. You see an affluent father some day come down on a prominent street with his son who had just graduated from the university, and establishing him in business, putting one hundred thousand dollars of capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You say: "O, if I only had a chance like that young man—if I only had a father to put one hundred thousand dollars in a business for me, then I would have some chance in the world." Be no envious. You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso, and say: "Let me pilot this ship out of the Narrows." Why, I would sink crew and cargo before I got out of the harbor, simply because I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea, than than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks. You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about.

A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments in our cities are giving to their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year, is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask these men high in commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land. But you say, "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotions?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything she can do well. It is only a little while ago that women knew nothing of telegraphy, and they were kept out of a great variety of commercial circles where they are now welcome; and the time will go on until the woman who at one counter in a store sells $10,000 worth of goods in a year, will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells $10,000 worth of goods. All honor to Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. And in passing, I may as well say that you merchahts who have female clerks in your stores ought to treat them with great courtesy and kindness. When they are not positively engaged, let them sit down. In England and the United States physicians have protested against the habit of compelling the womanly clerks in the stores to stand when it was not necessary for them to stand. Therefore, I add to the protest of physicians the protest of the Christian church, and in the name of good health, and that God who has made the womanly constitution more delicate than man's, I demand that you let her sit down.

The second counsel I have to give to the clerks who are here to-day, is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment, and then submit to them. Every well ordered house has its usages. In military life, on ship's deck, in commercial life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey, will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will reach ruin, financial and moral; it is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says: "Nobody shall dictate to me. I am my own master." Such will not submit to the regulations of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employes are under thorough discipline, and the establishment in which the employes do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure —between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say: "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle, obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the store may lounge, or fret, or complain, you go with ready hands, and cheerful face, and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills his canteen, and listens for the command. "March!" Do not allow to get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab. Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never be known outside the store. Do not be among the young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say: "I could tell you some things if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

Again: I counsel clerks in this house to search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment, and resist them. In the six thousand years that have passed, there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head men of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them. "O," you say, "I would lose my place then." Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of your store, and say: "Sir, I want to serve you; I want to oblige you; it is from no lack of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a sin against my conscience, it is a sin against God, and I beg you, sir, to excuse me." He may flush up and swear, but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation; and while they sink, you will rise. Do not, because of seeming temporary advantage, give up your character, young man. Under God, that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity, who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less; or impose upon the verdancy of a customer, or misrepresent a style of fabric. How dare he demand of you anything so insolent?

There is a class of temptation that comes to a great many of our clerks, and that is upon those who are engaged in what is called "drumming." Now, that occupation is just as honorable as any other, if it be conducted in accord with one's conscience. In this day, when there are so many rivalries in business, all our commercial establishments ought to have men abroad who are seeking out for opportunities of merchandise. There can be no objection to that. But there are professed Christian merchants in the week-night prayer meeting who have clerks abroad in New York, conducting merchants of Cincinnati, and Chicago, and St. Louis, through the debaucheries of the great town, in order to secure their custom for the store. There are in stores in New York and Brooklyn drawers in which there are kept moneys which the clerks are to go to and get whatever they want to conduct these people through the dissipations of the city. The head men of the firm wink at it, and in some places actually demand it—professed Christian merchants. One would think that they never would freeze on their lips, and they would fall back dead at the sound of their own song. What chance is there for young men when commercial establishments expect such things of them? Among all things infernal, I pronounce that the most damnable. Young man, how will that fiend look to you when you are utterly despoiled, and dragged out with sin, going through the haunts of iniquity for the purpose of getting customers for their store? How will they treat you? Oh, they will give you a pension! They will build you a fine house! They will get you a horse and fine carriage! Will they? No. Some day you will go into the store shabby, intoxicated, worn out in their service, and they will say: "John, you are a disgrace to our house, just look at yourself. Accountant, how much do we owe this man?" "A dollar and thirty cents." "Well, now, here—here it is; a dollar and thirty cents. Go off. Stop hanging around the store." Magnanimity superb! They stole the lustre from his eye, and the color from his cheek, and the honor from his soul, and then they kicked him out. If such professed Christian merchants don't go straight to hell, I don't know any use of having a place. O, young men, disappoint those customers, if such things are expected of you. You may sell an extra case of goods; you may sell an extra roll of silk; but the trouble is, you may have to throw your soul to boot in the bargain.

Again, I counsel all clerks to conquer the trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial, and contemptible when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things, without any idea of purchasing. They are not satisfied until every roll of goods is brought down and they have pointed out all the real or imaginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid gloves, and stretch them out of shape, and they put on all styles of cloaks and walk to the looking-glass to see how they will look, and then they sail out of the store, saying, "I will not take it to-day," which means "I don't want it at all," leaving the clerk amid a wreck of ribbons and laces, and cloths, to smooth out five hundred dollars' worth of goods, not one cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy.

Then there are all the trials of incompetent wages. Some of you remember when the war broke out and all merchandise went up, and merchants were made millionaires in six months by the simple operation of putting up the value of goods. But the clerk get advantage of that rise? Sometimes, not always. I saw estates gathered in those times, over which the curse of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women in those stores reached the Lord of Sabaoth, and the indignation of God has been upon those establishments ever since; rumbling in the carriage wheels, flashing in the chandeliers, glowing from the crimson upholstery, thundering in the long roll of the ten-pin alley. Such men may build up palaces of merchandise heaven high, and after awhile a disaster will come along, and will put one hand on this pillar, and another hand on that pillar, and throw itself forward until down will come the whole structure, crushing the worshipers as grapes are mashed in a wine-press.

Then there are boys in the establishments who are ruined—in prosperous establishments—ruined by their lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the past twenty years that boys were given just enough money to learn them to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked: "Where is George now?" "Oh, he's home, sir, sick more." A lad had better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one cent from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts a temptation in a boy's way. There has been great establishments in these cities building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions, and millions, and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood, and muscle, and nerve of half-paid clerks. Such men as—well I will not mention any any name. But I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say the merchants, "you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say: "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you; you can't get any other place." O, what a contrast we see between such men and those Christian merchants of Brooklyn and New York who to-day are sympathetic with their clerks—one of them giving the salary, acting in this way: "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are an immortal man; you are an immortal woman; I am interested in your present and your everlasting welfare; I want you to understand that, if I am a little higher up in this store, I am beside you in Christian sympathy."

Go back 40 years to Arthur Tappan's store in New York—a man whose worst enemy never questioned his honesty. Every morning he brought all the clerks, and the accountants, and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang. They prayed. They exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they attended church on the previous day, and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strange, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of mammon were counting their golden beads. You say Albert Tappan failed. Yes, he was unfortunate, like a great many good men; but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the Gospel, and that he is before the throne of God to-day —forever blest. If that be failing, I wish that you might all fail. There are a great many young men in this city—yea, in this house—who need the word of encouragement, Christian encouragement. One smile of good cheer would be worth more to them to-morrow morning in their places of business than a present of $50,000 ten years hence. O, I remember the apprehension and the tremor of entering a profession. I remember very well the day I was greeted on the velvet cushioned court with the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand; and I remember the other man who took my hand in both of his, and said, "God bless you, my brother; you have entered a glorious profession; be faithful to God and he will see you through." Why, I fell this minute the thrill of that handshaking, though the man who gave me the christian grip has been in heaven twenty-five years. There are old men to-day who can look back to forty years ago, when some one said a kind word to them. Now, old men, pay back what you got them. It is a great art for old men to be able to encourage the young. There are many young people in our cities who have come from inland counties of our own state—from the granite hills of the North, from the savannas of the South, from the prairies of the West. They are here to get their fortune. They are in boarding-houses, where everybody seems to be thinking of himself. They want companionship, and they want Christian encouragement. Oh, to them, the word is to all clerks in this house: Be mightier than your temptations. A Sandwich Islander used to think when he slew an enemy, all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I have to tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your moral power. With omnipotence for a lever, and the throne of God for a fulcrum, you can move earth and heaven. While there are other young men putting the cup of sin to their lips, stoop down and drink out of the fountain of God, and you will rise up strong to thresh the mountains. The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen rain drops, which touching the surface of the sea, hardened into gems, then dropped to the bottom. I have to tell you to-day that storms of trial have showered imperishable pearls into many a young man's lap. O, young man! while you have goods to sell, remember your most valuable soul is on a spiritual Christian captain, wounded a few days before, got delirious and in the midnight hour he sprang out on the floor of the hospital thinking he was in the battle, crying: "Come on, boys! Forward! Charge!" "Ah! he was only battling the specres of his imagination. But it is no imaginary conflict into which I call young man, to-day. There are ten thousand spiritual foes that would capture you. In the name of God up and at them. After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the custom house steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen has gone down in a sail of flame, after Brooklyn and New York, and London, and Vienna, have gone down into the grave where Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre lay buried, after the great fire bells of the Judgment Day have tolled at the burning of a world on that day, all the affairs of banking-houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side the clerks and the men who employed them—the people who owned thread-and-needle stores on the same footing with the Stewarts, and the Delanos, and the Abbotts, and the Barings. Every invoice made out—all the labels of goods—all certificates of stock—all lists of prices—all private marks of the firm, now explained so everybody can understand them. All the maps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold. All bargains. All gougings. All snap judgments. All false entries. All adulteration of liquors with copperas and strychnine. All mixing of teas, and sugars, and coffees, and sloe tips with cheaper material. All embezzlements of trust funds. All swindles in coal, and iron, and oil, and silver and stocks. All Swartouts, and Huntingtons, and Ketchums. On that day, when the cities of this world are smoking in the last conflagration, the trial will go on, and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, insulted God, and defied the judgment. O, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk! No getting up early, and retiring late, and walking around with weary limbs; but a mansion in which to live, and a realm of light, and love, and joy over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea, with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket.

THE MANCHESTER MARKETS

Still Continue Dull and Heavy With but Little Signs of Improvement.

MANCHESTER, Eng., April 27.—The *Guardian* in its commercial article says that the market is unsatisfactory to producers, who make little progress in anything like the regular current rates which are not sufficient to yield a profitable margin. Neither have buyers reason to congratulate themselves upon the results of worth.

The recent rise in prices was not followed, except in a few instances, by a corresponding improvement in the distributing markets. Transactions, therefore, steadily lessened as the quotations advanced.

The effect on the Indian department is seen in the expiration of orders, and the desire of manufacturers for fresh contracts. In a few cases they are willing to accept very low prices. Most manufacturers, however, in view of the unprofitableness of the present margin, prefer rather to go without orders than to accept the unsatisfactory offers available.

Export yarns are in poor demand in all markets. The home inquiry has not improved. The prospects of spinners are consequently discouraging, and they fear they will be unable to resist a further fall. Cloth is quiet. The eastern sections are flat. Best shirtings steady, but the trade is slow.

The finer reeds of printing and other finishing cloths are firm. The lower reeds are easier. There will be a practical suspension of business on Tuesday, May 3, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales. Monday will be observed as market day.

The Beauties of Base Ball.

BALTIMORE, April 29.—Dave Orr, the first baseman of the Metropolitan Base Ball club, was more seriously injured by his collision with Sommers in yesterday's game than was at first supposed. Both men were running at full speed for a high foul hit by Burns. They came together with full force, and both fell to the ground.

Sommers's head hit Orr in the mouth, breaking two teeth and cutting his tongue almost through. Orr bruised his left knee very badly, and received a terrible blow in the chest, from which he had a hemorrhage late that night. He was rather easier yesterday, but is still unable to leave his bed, and will not play ball for several weeks. Sommers was not hurt much.

News of the Week.

THE DREAD PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

The Slaughter Still Goes On—The Disease Must and Shall be Stamped Out.

CHICAGO, April 27.—The members of the Illinois Live Stock commission are in the city discussing the pleuro-pneumonia question. It is thought that it will be necessary to slaughter 1,000 more cattle in Cook county before pleuro-pneumonia can be thoroughly eradicated.

The board has already formally ordered the slaughter of a considerable number of animals in the infected districts, and when Prof. Law, who is at present investigating on behalf of the United States department of Agriculture, reports necessity for co-operation, the state and national authorities will unite and order the slaughter of as many more as may be thought necessary regardless of cost.

"We will not stop," said an official last evening, "until we have thoroughly cleansed the country of this disease."

The Dread Disease Epidemic in Chicago, and Heroic Measures are Being Adopted —The Origin and Spread of the Fatal Disease.

CHICAGO, April 30.—Pleuro-pneumonia, according to the statistics of the state live stock commission, is more prevalent in Chicago and vicinity than it ever was before. It is now necessary to quarantine the district between the lake and the Desplaines river, lying north of Twenty-second street, including the towns of Lakeview and Jefferson, and to establish a patrol and watch system to prevent the smuggling of cattle past the quarantine limits.

Within the quarantined district the most stringent measures for stamping out the plague have been adopted. Diseased cows have been slaughtered by the hundreds, infected barns have been disinfected, and even destroyed in some cases. Since the first discovery of the disease, last fall, it has been spreading slowly despite these preventive measures. It has become an epidemic, and apparently can only be eradicated by sacrificing all the cattle that have been exposed to it.

The live stock commissioners are working under the new law, passed by the legislature a few weeks ago, which gives them the right to slaughter a cow as soon as it is pronounced to be diseased by the state veterinarian. If they had had such powers last fall when the plague first made its appearance in the distillery sheds, Chairman Pearson says it could never have spread through the city because they could have emtied all the distillery sheds at once and thus destroyed the source of the disease. Yesterday the count of the veterinarians engaged, showed that about 8,200 cows were quarantined, and that upward of 200 had been slaughtered. The number in quarantine two weeks ago, was 10,250, the decrease being due entirely to the slaughtering method in vogue. Two hundred and fifty veterinarians are taken from the swill troughs of the Empire distillery sheds at one time, driven to Archer avenue shambles and killed.

This work is being done under the supervision of veterinary surgeons, who have unlimited discretionary powers about the disposition of the cases. Each animal is appraised before being slaughtered, and these claims are promptly paid by the commissioners. All animals inspected now are marked with a tag in order to prevent their removal without permission. A good deal of trouble was experienced by the veterinarians when they undertook to corral and tag the herds that are running loose on the prairies in the northwestern part of the city on account of the determined opposition of the owners of the herds.

The latter are mostly ignorant foreigners, and would not understand that precautionary measures were being exercised for their benefit, but armed themselves with rifles and revolvers and drove the veterinarians off. The police were finally called upon to protect the doctors, and the "tagging" and inspecting was finally accomplished, though not until half a dozen skulls had been cracked and as many arrests made.

Chairman Pearson says the present outbreak of the disease is traceable to the outbreak in the distillery sheds of last fall. He also believes that it was brought to Chicago originally from Geneva, where it made its appearance three or four years ago, and came to Illinois from Maryland and New York, through the indiscriminate shipment of alleged blooded cattle.

THE GRANT RELICS

Placed on Exhibition in the National Museum—Some Valuable Collections.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The Grant relics, which have been for several months safely guarded in one of the private rooms of the National Museum, are now being placed on public exhibition. Yesterday two handsome plush-lined cases, filled with articles from the collection, were placed in the north hall of the museum, near the main entrance. The sword presented by citizens, and desires to stamp out, if possible, a practice and traffic that should be discouraged. In my reply I shall not mince matters at all, but shall give the result of investigations made by this department, from which it appears that even the carcasses of horses, dogs and swine have been utilized for the manufacture of oleomargarine, and the manufacturers were not particular about the condition or age of the meat and bones, either.

"I had a personal experience at my home in St. Louis, when I went to a butcher's shop to get some meat for several hunting dogs that I kept at the time. In the refuse barrel at the back I found a lot of raw maggots and fly-blown meat was very conspicuous. When I asked the proprietor what he intended to do with such material, he said it was intended for a butter factory.

"By the use of acids and other chemical prepar

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, is seriously ill.

The Queen has arrived at Windsor castle from the continent.

All the builders in Chicago will probably go out on strike Monday.

Powderly says anarchists are masquerading as Knights of Labor in Chicago.

The Indian commission is trying to better the condition of the Northwest tribes.

Gladstone is vastly delighted with the American show he has just visited in London.

Thomas Edison, the electrician, has had a narrow escape from drowning in Florida.

The colored Methodists in conference at Baltimore are resolving against their bishops.

M. H. Dakin, a member of the Michigan legislature, has been expelled for attempted bribery.

Bull fights by electric light are the latest forms of public amusement in the City of Mexico.

The Swiss state council has ratified the literary copyright convention with the United States.

James D. Westcott, ex-associate justice of the Florida Supreme court, died at Tallahassee, Fla., Friday.

Mrs. Louise Bageley, of Zanesville, has been elected president of the Ohio department of the Woman's Relief corps.

The London *Standard* says the Liberal Unionists are in favor of making the Crimes Act a permanent measure.

The Louisiana planters say the inter-state commerce law is a good thing and that it should be continued in full force.

The *National Gazette* mentions the existence of a rumor that Germany will soon declare martial law in Alsace-Lorraine.

Freight Conductor James DeBlois tried to save a passenger train from collision and was instantly killed, in Massachusetts.

Rosa Trainor, an accomplished young woman of Erie, Pa., gave up everything for a notorious convict. They have both been arrested.

An attempt is being made by western capitalists to unite all the cattle ranges under one management and thus control the markets of the world.

The secretary of foreign affairs of Mexico telegraphs the Mexican minister in Washington that there is not a single case of cholera in Mexican territory, nor in Central America.

The sensation of Queens county, Long Island, has come to light in the announcement that District Attorney Thomas F. McGowan was a defaulter to the extent of between $19,000 and $20,000.

Gov. Leslie, of Montana, will proclaim quarantine on Texas cattle in Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, the District of Columbia, Virginia, Vermont and Texas.

The Armour boycott has reached Pittsburg. Chicago Knights of Labor are now engaged in distributing the boycott circulars, trying to induce grocers and others to discontinue handling Armour's goods.

The Pope has sent a telegram to Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, thanking them for their support of the new Prussian ecclesiastical bill. The dispatch adds that His Holiness desires the prosperity of Germany and the Catholic church.

Sec. Fairchild says that he had not yet fully made up his mind with regard to the so-called 3 per cent. bonds. It is practically settled, however, that there will be no more calls for bonds during the present fiscal year, and that the 3 per cents outstanding, amounting to $19,000,000, will be reserved for the sinking fund requirements of the next fiscal year, beginning July 1.

Although the Michigan legislative bribery investigation resulted in the expulsion of Milo Dakin from the House of Representatives it seems that the end is not yet. It seems certain that Dakin, who was elected as a labor candidate, will be expelled from the Knights of Labor. It is also asserted that Mayor Blackleton, of East Saginaw, who was mixed up in the scrape, will be compelled to resign.

STRANGE INFATUATION.

An Accomplished Erie Girl Runs Away from Home and Friends to Live With a Released Convict.

ERIE, Pa., April 29.—An accomplished and beautiful girl of 17 years was arrested here to-day while in the company of an old and confirmed criminal whose personal appearance is almost grotesque in its ugliness.

"Rusty" Collins, as he is known to the police of Western cities and the officers of the law, has spent most of his life in prison. He returned here two months ago from serving a sentence in the Allegheny penitentiary.

Rosa Trainor, while with school companions met the ugly ex-convict on the street. He was turned out to bear an ill-fated release from prison. At first sight she seems to have conceived a strange passion for him and she took the first opportunity to make his acquaintance. He was wary, thinking her attentions were a trap of some kind set for his benefit by detectives. But she soon undeceived him, leaving home, friends and the surroundings of a comfortable home to follow his fortunes. She was found in his company soon after she left her home and was taken in custody and returned to her parents.

In her rage at being separated from him she poured petroleum into her piano and set fire to it, destroying the instrument and nearly burning the house over her parents' heads. She escaped from home again about two weeks ago with the assistance of her strange lover. They disappeared then, but returned here late last night. James Trainor, her father, got a warrant for their arrest, and Rosa and "Rusty" were captured. He yielded, but Rosa fought like a little demon, and when her father appeared she smacked him savagely.

Before she was seized with this strange infatuation she had borne the character of a virtuous and more than ordinarily gifted young lady, a member of the church and a dutiful daughter. "Rusty" explains the case simply by saying, with a wicked leer, "she's gone on me."

AFTER THE WESTERN UNION.

Heavy Reduction in Telegraph Rates to San Francisco.

NEW YORK, April 30.—The Western Union Telegraph company yesterday found an unexpected competitor in telegraphic communication with California. The Postal Telegraph company, in union with the Baltimore & Ohio and United Lines companies, made a bid for the business between the East and the far West by announcing that it would transmit messages at the rate of ten words for $1.

This is a cut of one-third in the old rates of the Western Union company, which has hitherto had a monopoly in that field. A still bigger cut and a more important one was made in the rates for money orders, and henceforth money orders can be telegraphed at a rate 50 per cent less than that hitherto maintained by the company, of which Jay Gould is the controlling owner.

The attempt to break into the Union's business in this territory has been long considered by each of the companies now in the combine to be one that no single-handed was not regarded as likely to succeed. Accordingly the three companies joined hads in the fight is destined to be bitter one.

Heretofore the rate to San Francisco was as high as that to Europe. It is not thought that the Western Union will meet the cut at present, but should that company decide to do so, by one of its money orders, it is possible that the consolidated companies will go one better by sending such transfers free of charge. The route of the new channel of communication is via the Northern Pacific railroad to Portland, Oregon, thence overland to San Francisco.

FIGURES ON FLOUR.

Fall Off in Production and Exports.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 58.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: The flour product fell below 100,000 barrels last week, the result of one large mill being dropped from the active list for repairs. The total output was 97,225 barrels, averaging 16,204 barrels daily, against 115,420 barrels the previous week and 103,370 barrels for the corresponding time in 1886.

There is one more mill running this week, and under the stimulus of a slightly better demand for flour there is an increased amount being got out. There are sixteen mills in operation to-day, producing about 20,000 barrels daily. A much firmer tone characterizes flour and some firms report considerable sales at slightly better prices, the improvement being most apparent in the foreign trade. It is feared, however, that to-day's drop in wheat will have the effect of lessening the movement.

Flour exports were again light last week, being 26,730 barrels. Receipts of wheat for the week, 44,1,080 bushels; shipments, 316,960 bushels; flour, 97,563 barrels; mill stuff, 2,537 tons. In store, Minneapolis, 7,014,813 bushels; Duluth, 10,600,-294; St. Paul, 809,000.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

A Mother Gives Her Two Children Rough on Rats and Takes a Dose Herself.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 3.—A horrible tragedy occurred at a farm house, two miles south of this city last night. Charles Martin, a young farmer, 28 years old, has not lived happily with his wife, and his wife has threatened to end her existence.

Last night, while her husband was temporarily absent, she gave Rough on Rats to their two young children, and then swallowed a dose herself. It was late at night before a discovery of the crime was made, and the oldest child died before antidotes could be administered. The mother and the other child were in a precarious condition at last accounts. Officers have gone out to investigate.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

R. G. Dun's Weekly Report Discusses the Inter-State Commerce Law, Says Money Is in Good Demand, and that the Leading Branches of Trade Show a Decided Improvement.

NEW YORK, April 30.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says that the interstate bill is doubtless charged with much of the interruption of business that does not belong to it, but during the past week evidences have multiplied of its harmful effect, by convincing proof that Boston export trade would be destroyed if the customary rebates and favoring rates were refused.

The commission was led to virtually suspend the operation of the second section for the benefit of Boston roads. The Pacific railroads obtained exemption and reduced rates, except the Union Pacific, which by error was omitted. In the session at Atlanta the commission was informed of many projected enterprises, contracts for which had been suspended until the question of rates would be settled. The contract for 60,000 tons of paving stone at Marlboro, N. H., was refused, rates being advanced three times as the expected profit.

Vast quantities of freight have accumulated at many points, awaiting the results of the appeals to the commission. Louisville merchants offer complaints as to injury in some trades; New Orleans expected improvement, but realizes none and finds business dull. At Cleveland, Ohio, the injury in important branches; Hartford manufacturers find the act threatens to exclude them from many markets; Pittsburg and Philadelphia attribute to the act much of the dullness, and iron manufacturers hold they have already sustained a large aggregate loss.

Thus, while reaction after the exceptional activity of March was predicted, the real and considerable disturbance certainly results from the new law and especially from the uncertainty as to its requirements. General reports of trade are nevertheless favorable, and it is cheering to note how hopeful a spirit is everywhere expressed. Money is generally in good supply, though in demand at Nashville and tighter at New Orleans. Collections continue fair with improvement at Milwaukee and Cincinnati except in grades affected by strikes in building and manufacturing, very good at Nashville except in tobacco trade, and less delayed than might be expected where real estate speculation rages.

At many points the unseasonable weather embarrasses. The condition of leading branches of business is apparently improving. A bright sky is seen in the boot and shoe trade with increasing orders. A better feeling is reported in sugar kinds of leather, and prices for the new clip of wool in the West are higher than was expected, though in the eastern markets there is no change. Cotton has been slightly advanced by manipulation. Cotton goods are at present in moderate demand and print cloths have made lower, but the effect of the exceptional purchases in March has not yet passed.

Wheat rose during the week and reacted again. The battle between the western farmers, who think the higher railroad rates should be borne by the consumers, and the world's markets, which refuse to advance, does not go in favor of famers thus far. Coffee has been feverish. Of all the great industries the iron manufacture is the most unsettled, because the interstate charges may check railroad building. The projected increase in the production of iron is heavy.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number, for the United States 164, for Canada 27, total 191, against 199 last week and 207 for the corresponding week of last year.

RIOT IN A THEATER.

Irish Sympathizers Object to a So-Called Comedy that Burlesques Ireland's Struggle for Liberty—A Very Lively Time.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29.—Ireland has just been freed in a play at one of the opera houses here last night, when the principal comedians and their company of actors were mobbed by sympathizers with Ireland who objected to the hits in the play that were a burlesque on Ireland's long struggle for liberty. Hissing began as soon as the curtain fell on the first act, and continued for nearly an hour. While the hissing was going on, Special Officer O'Donnell, of the theater, grabbed one of the men who was hissing.

The man struck the officer in the face, and then his friends jumped on the officer, and a free fight followed. Women in the lower part of the theater got frightened, and several ran out. Then somebody attached to the theater hurried to the Fifth district station-house, as Fifteenth and Locust streets, for help. Officers came quickly and other policemen arrived from the 19th district, and the offenders, more than a dozen in number, were dragged out of the theater, and several of them taken to the 5th and 9th district station-houses.

There was a terrific struggle between the men in the audience and the policemen. The play was cut a great deal and the curtain fell at least half an hour before the usual termination of the play. One scene represented the Irish Parliament about to go into session, and a number of the members of Parliament were seated in the Parliament Buildings wearing large green robes made of paper muslin. They were dressed like Roman Senators in the time of Julius Cæsar, except that their dress was green instead of white. One of the members of the Parliament had carmine hair a nose that looked like a large carrot.

This scene had to be changed hurriedly and when a conspirator stated that he was going to throw a bomb under the Speaker's chair, somebody hurled an egg on the stage and it struck one of the members of the Parliament on the side of the face. The yolk of the egg trickled down his neck and down on his green toga. At this juncture the audience was in an uproar. Then the police came in a body, and after considerable trouble got the disturbers out. The most prominent man arrested was Dr. Peter McCahey, secretary of the Clan-Na-Gael. About midnight they were all released on their own recognizances for a hearing on Saturday. It is said that the charges against the disturbers will be withdrawn and that the play will not be produced again.

HORSE THIEVES' PARADISE.

Accidental Discovery of a Hidden Rendezvous.

PORTLAND, Oregon, May 3.—A Baker City, Oregon, special says that Audre Naman, a deputy sheriff who has returned from a six weeks unsuccessful search for horse thieves accidentally discovered a rendezvous for a band of horse and cattle thieves for years past, who have committed depredations upon the ranges of Southeastern Oregon, particularly in Malheur county. The robbers' camp is situated in Idaho about 200 miles east of Baker City, at the confluence of the Grand Round river with the Snake. Here to his surprise, Naman found himself in the midst of refuges from the law, numbering upwards of 25 or 30 men, well armed and equipped.

The place selected for refuge by this band of outlaws is well adapted for their calling. Little valleys here and there are nestled in between high precipitious and rugged places and mountains some of them affording abundance of bunch grass for stock. Their outlook is across the Snake into Idaho and by this passage hundreds of cattle and horses are run off from the upper counties and disposed of to unsuspecting purchasers in the states and territories east. With the addition of guards at the entrance the rendezvous of this band of horse thieves answers well the description of the valley which sheltered the Doones in the famous novel of "Lorna Doone."

HE GOT AWAY.

A Member of the Old w ced Ring Bobs Up Serenely.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 28.—Nathaniel Sands, who has been imprisoned here for two years for fraudulent concealment of property, was released to-day on a decision of the Superior court that the prisoner could not be held, because the New York court of Appeals had reversed the decision of the lower court and ordered a new trial.

A writ in a new suit was at once placed in Sheriff Schwartz's hands, which he refused to serve until he was informed that he would be personally held responsible if the writ was not served. Sands, in the meantime, started with a fast freight to get out of the state. Deputy sheriffs were dispatched after him, but up to a late hour he had not been captured. Sands was a member of the famous Tweed ring, in New York city, and the suit upon which he was imprisoned was brought by the city of New York to recover money illegally obtained.

ITTSBURGHERS HAPPY

Over the Smile of a Dusky Queen—Off For Washington.

PITTSBURG, May 3.—Queen Kapiolani and party, of the Hawaiian Kingdom, arrived in Pittsburg from the West at 7.30 o'clock this morning in a special car attached to the Chicago express. Breakfast was served in the car, and at 8 o'clock the royal visitors left for Washington on the day express.

The large crowd at the depot when the train rolled in, was honored with a slight glimpse of the destinguished lady, who smiled pleasantly from her car window.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

Condition of the Finances of the United States—Monthly Statement for April.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued Monday:

Debt Bearing Interest.

Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,797,500
Three per cent	28,079,950
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	177,750
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,094,678,712
Interest	8,780,656
Total	$1,103,459,368

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 6,310,715
Interest	193,300
Total	$ 6,504,015

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,186
Certificates of deposit	8,350,000
Gold certificates	94,434,459
Silver certificates	137,740,430
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,948,472
Principal	$ 594,211,573

Total Debt.

Principal	$1,605,201,000
Interest	8,973,956
Total	$1,704,174,957

Deductions.

Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 264,118,459
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
	364,118,459
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,340,056,498

Recapitulation.

Net cash in the treasury	$34,886,038
Debt less cash in the treasury May 1, 1887	$1,305,170,459
Debt less cash in the treasury April 1, 1887	1,318,223,558
Decrease of debt during month	$ 13,053,098

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 94,434,485
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	137,740,430
U. S. certificates of deposit actually outstanding	8,350,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	15,284,672
Cash held for bonds called not matured and balance of interest	8,305,950
Fractional currency	2,922
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 264,118,459

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 26,891,076
Minor coin	137,582
Total	$ 27,028,658
Certificates held as cash	34,072,740
Net cash balance on hand	34,886,038
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$ 460,105,896

HEROIC CONDUCT

In Saving the Lives of a Burning Steam-Barge's Crew—Loss of the Vessel.

SHEBOYGAN, Wis., May 3.—The steam-barge G. P. Heath, loaded with hay, caught fire forward, yesterday afternoon, when off this port and about five miles out in the lake. The crew at once began to battle with the flames. The boat could not be headed in, as the furious westerly gale that was raging caused the fires to spread throughout the steamer.

The Heath was finally turned toward Centerville Point, and when near that place the crew endeavored to make a landing at the pier, but the swift current carried the burning steamer north of the landing. She struck the beach about 30 yards from shore.

The mate and second engineer entered the small boat but it swamped and before the occupants could bail out the water the painter parted and it drifted a few miles north, where the men landed. The people on shore formed a volunteer crew and went out to rescue the remainder of those aboard. In getting alongside a line was connected with the steamer, but was burned away. The current carried the rescuing party away.

Those on shore, seeing the fate of the second boat, sent out a third one, which rescued the captain and second engineer. Wheelsman, George Olson, and first engineer Rogers, refused to enter for fear of swamping it. After the small boat reached the pier safely the last effort to reach the barge was made, but before the boat had made one-half the distance flames compelled the men on the steamer to jump overboard.

Engineer Rogers was the first to make the leap, and after a hard struggle against the current and undertow he reached the beach exhausted. George Olsen was evidently stunned, as he appeared unable to make any headway toward the shore. Ernest Tiesman, a young farmer, seeing the peril of the wheelsman, plunged into the waves and soon reached the drowning man. He succeeded in carrying his burden about 50 feet, when he was compelled to let go and swim for his life. The mate and second engineer attached a line to their bodies and reached Olsen safely with great difficulty brought him ashore. He was dead. The steamer is a total loss. She was valued at $6,000 and the cargo at $600.

AN EXCITING SCENE IN NEW YORK.

Lower Broadway Stampeded by a Man Who Cut His Throat and Ran Through the Crowd Carrying the Bloody Knife.

NEW YORK, May 3.—When lower Broadway and City Hall park were crowded with pedestrians yesterday afternoon, a man ran through the crowd with his own throat cut and a bloody knife in his hand. His appearance created the wildest excitement, and even the tramps joined in the race after the man, while women and children ran away screaming.

The first that was seen of him was when he came up Frankfort street and started across to the City Hall on the run. Just as he got opposite the main entrance to the City Hall, on the plaza, he took the knife in his left hand and made a ferocious thrust with it at the right side of his neck, inflicting a fearful wound. As he ran he left a trail of blood behind him, and the sight of this only seemed to infuriate him, for he continued to hack at his throat with the knife as he ran.

He had a clear course, for the people in the park fled to the wire fence on each side, some yelling "Murder!" and "Police!" The scene attracted hundreds of people who were on Park Row and Broadway, and fully 3,000 persons followed the furious man in his flight across the park.

The man was nearing Broadway where a big crowd had gathered. Truckmen had stopped, the cars blocked the street, and the sidewalk was packed. The crowd wavered for a moment when the furious man came on, brandishing a bloody knife, and then began to start on a stampede.

A big policeman, however, placed himself between the man and the crowd, and as he came up caught him by the left arm and wrested the bloody weapon from him. The man made a slight show of resistance, which was easily overcome by the police man, who took him to the station house. It is believed that he will recover. He said his name was Patrick Ford, but he would give no reason for his attempt to kill himself.

CLEVELAND AND GRADY.

The New York Herald Hangs Its Banner on the Outer Walls for 1888.

NEW YORK, May 2.—The *Herald*, this morning, says:

It is widely believed that Pres. Cleveland will be renominated next year. Who is to hold the second place on the ticket? In ante-bellum days it was the invariable practice to take either the President or Vice President from the South. That was changed by the war.

Is it not time that the second highest post of honor in the government be again opened to the South?

The *Herald* says yes. The Democratic party can now well afford to name a southerner for the vice-Presidency, and it may strengthen its ticket by doing so. What southerner is most widely and favorably known, North as well as South? By popular acclaim, Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, will at once be accorded that distinguished honor. His conference, not only of the party, but also of the entire country, and his name as vice-President on the ticket headed by Mr. Cleveland, would arouse Democratic enthusiasm throughout the land.

The *Herald* proposes this ticket for 1888:

For President, Grover Cleveland, of New York.

For vice-President, Henry W. Grady, of Georgia.

Mr. Manning is Thankful.

BOURNEMOUTH, Eng., May 3.—The chairman of the town commissioners, at their meeting to-day, read a letter from Daniel Manning, thanking them for the formal welcome to Bournemouth, which they extended to him on the 19th ult. Mr. Manning's health continues to improve.

THE TEXAS DROUTH

Is About at an End—Copious Rains Reported—The Effect Upon Crops—The Cotton Belt.

FORT WORTH, Tex., May 3.—Reports received from 32 points show that copious rains have fallen within the past 24 hours throughout Northern, Central and Western Texas, extending north into Indian territory, west to Mexico and south to Austin. In some places in this territory not enough rain has fallen at any one time within 18 months to settle the dust.

The reports indicate an average of eleven hours hard rain. In several localities the rain was preceded by a terrific windstorm. Many outhouses were demolished and a few residences are reported wrecked with some people hurt. No one was killed, and $50,000 will cover all the minor losses.

A careful watch of rain reports show that there are now only two small sections in all Texas, both in the eastern part of the state, where rain has not fallen within the past 30 days, and the sections referred to can not be said to be suffering from drouth, as they have had copious rains during the winter. Cattle and sheep throughout the state were never in better condition. The prospect for cotton is favorable, while wheat and oats are a failure where the drouth was most severe. The increased acreage in other sections will bring the yield up to the average.

Down in the Cotton Belt.

GALVESTON, May 3.—A Signal Service bulletin from the cotton region, reporting the weather up to 6 o'clock last evening, says that light local showers have occurred at several points in the cotton belt during the past 24 hours. The heaviest precipitation reported was at Belton, half an inch. Austin reports 47-100, and other points 5 to 7-100 of an inch. Thus far the precipitation has been so meagre as scarcely to make an impression on the parched earth.

IN FIVE ACTS.

A Murder—Marriage—Desertion—Confession—Lunacy.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., May 2.—Mrs. Day, the sister of Mr. A. J. Kent, a well-to-do farmer of Baldwin county, will be lodged in the lunatic asylum here next week. The cause of her lunacy is peculiar. About eight years ago one of her brothers went to South Carolina, where he secured employment. One morning his dead body was found on the public road with a bullet in his heart. The assassination was a mystery which was never cleared up. The dead body was sent home and buried, and in time the story was forgotten.

Some months after this occurrence, a young man named Day made his appearance in the neighborhood of the Kent mansion. Miss Kent, who was then budding into the charms of womanhood, looked on him with a favorable eye, and soon the couple were engaged. The engagement met with the opposition of the young lady's relatives, was ended in due time by marriage. Day and his wife removed to the neighborhood of Troy, Ala., since which time the family has heard but little of them.

Two weeks ago Mr. Kent, after a long silence on his sister's part, received a letter from her, in which she begged for his assistance, as she had been deserted by her husband. Her story was a sad one. With great particularity of details her husband pictured to her the murder of her brother, capping the climax by declaring himself the murderer. He threatened the poor woman with instant death if she should reveal the secret.

For years she had carried the terrible secret, becoming the mother of three children by the murderer of her brother. At last, broken down under the weight of her grief, she confided the story to a neighbor. Her husband got an inkling of the fact and left, warning the woman that he would yet wreak vengeance upon her. Last week she reached the home of her brother in this county, and despite kind treatment it became evident that she was a raving maniac. She pictures to herself the midnight scene on a country road in South Carolina, with the dead body of her brother, and standing over it the form of her husband.

THE COLORED METHODISTS

Don't Like Some of their Bishops—Eulogizing Logan and Beecher.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—At the meeting yesterday of the Baltimore conference of the African Methodist Episcopal church, which is in session here, Rev. Mr. Handy introduced a resolution of regret at the death of Gen. John A. Logan, with a fitting tribute to the life and character of the deceased. He was followed by Dr. Derrick and others.

Bishop Turner, in speaking on this resolution, referred to the denial of civil rights which the colored people still suffer from in the South. He said that recently, while passing through North Carolina, Prof. Huxford, a professor in a seminary in Alabama, entered the car with his face showing the marks of the violence which he had been the subject of because he had refused to take his seat in the "smoking car." He said that the Supreme court was responsible for this state of affairs. He mentioned the chief justice and Justice Bradley in this connection.

Rev. Dr. Mossell said that if names were to be mentioned he thought the bishops of the Episcopal and Methodist churches in the South who favored such laws ought justly to be placed in the same category. Bishop Turner completed his remarks and Rev. Mr. Mossell arose and said he thought it was time that a list be made of those who were hostile to the rights of the colored race. He, he said, to read a list of bishops of the Methodist Church South whom he thought ought to be in the same catalogue with the Supreme court justices. A number of speeches were made, and the resolutions were adopted.

Rev. Mr. Mossel moved that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions expressive of their appreciation of the services of Henry Ward Beecher to human liberty.

One of the members suggested that perhaps Mr. Beecher was not quite straight on religious doctrine.

"He was all right and orthodox in the doctrine of liberty," called out a brother, "and he spoke out for us when we could not speak for ourselves."

The resolution to appoint the committee was then adopted.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING

Thomas Edison and Party in the Wilds of Florida—A Wharf Gives Way.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., April 29.—A dispatch from Bartow, in this state, details the narrow escape from drowning to-day of Thomas A. Edison and party of eight friends. While all were standing on a pier at Kissimee Springs, two miles from Bartow, the structure collapsed, and precipitated all the party except Mr. Edison and Mrs. Gilliland, of Adrian, Mich., into the water, eight or ten feet deep.

A number of residents who saw the accident rushed to the scene and saved the lives of those imperilled, though several of them were going down for the third time when rescued. Those in the water were: Charles Ward and wife and Mrs. Gilliland, of New York; Miss Daisy Gaston, of Indianapolis, and Miss Louise Miller, of Akron, Ohio. Mr. Edison and Mrs. Gilliland, of Adrian, only saved themselves by lucky leaps to terra firma from the crackling timbers.

ANOTHER GIGANTIC SCHEME

To Control the Dressed Beef Markets of the World.

DENVER, Col., April 29.—R. G. Head, Jut D. Brush, Ex-Gov. Routt and several other prominent cattlemen held a secret meeting at the Windsor hotel yesterday, the object of which has not yet been made public, but it is presumed to be in the interest of some gigantic project in connection with the cattle industry. A few weeks ago Messrs. Head and Routt were in New York and Chicago working up the matter.

A Denver capitalist, called upon by the above subject says it was shrewdly suspected that the gentlemen were drafting plans for corporation, something similar to the McGillan co-operative plan, which proposed to pool the entire cattle interests of the west, and which created so much discussion at the last session of the International Range association, held in Denver in February.

It is further rumored that the scheme upon which the gentlemen are working is to control the beef market of the country, and that they have associated with them one of the members of the dressed beef syndicate of Chicago.

MERE ANARCHIST GROUPS

Masquerading Under the Banner of the Knights of Labor.

CHICAGO, April 29.—It is announced on seemingly good authority that General Master Workman Powderly will visit Chicago in the near future on an important mission. Mr. Powderly is credited with having written a letter to one of his Chicago friends saying that he had become convinced of the necessity of giving his personal attention to the reorganization of order in Chicago, especially with reference to its connection with the political movement and the degrees of success anarchist leaders had met with in their attempts to honey-comb the assemblies attached to District 24. Certain local assemblies here, in the opinion of Mr. Powderly, have become mere anarchist groups, masquerading under the banner of the Knights of Labor.

THEOSOPHY BROUGHT TROUBLE.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Washington Professor.

WASHINGTON, April 27. — Dr. Elliott Coues, the well-known ornithologist of the Smithsonian institution, has for several years been a member of the faculty of the Columbian university here. Of late, however, the doctor has become impregnated with the doctrine of the Theosophists. Although these beliefs are supposed to give even greater consolation than the Christian religion, the doctor has had nothing but trouble ever since he accepted them.

First, he was court-martialled and lost his commission in the army; then his wife got a divorce from him. Now he is compelled to retire from the faculty of the Columbian university, because the management will not permit him to teach theosophy to the students. He declined an address before them a few weeks ago, which, according to precedent, should have been printed in the college publication with those of the rest of the faculty, but was not. The president, Dr. Welling refused to print it because of the doctrines it taught, and forbade any further discussion of the subject before the students, whereupon the doctor wrote an indignant letter resigning his chair. Last of all, he has tendered his resignation as lecturer on anatomy at the National medical college.

Being asked for his reasons for taking this step, he said to a *Critic* reporter:

"It seems that my views on religious intolerance, scientific insolence and social tyranny are too liberal to find favor with the old-fashioned conservatism of a Baptist college. The college faculty passed a resolution not to publish the addresses delivered this year, for fear of offending the religious prejudices which I had satirized in my address. But I had already arranged for the publication of the address in book form, and it is now issuing from the press. In maintaining my position it was necessary that I should relieve my colleagues of all embarrassment by resigning."

Dr. Coves's letter to the faculty forms the preface of his book.

BULL FIGHTING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT

The First Attempt Proves Disastrous to the Fighters—The Light Drives the Bulls Wild.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 29.—The novelty of a bull fight by electric light drew an immense crowd to the Colon Plaza. Among the spectators were President Diaz and several members of his cabinet. The arena was brilliantly lighted by ten electric lights, and the gaudy uniforms of the matadors fairly blazed.

The door of the bull pen was thrown open, and the first bull made a frantic rush at the picadors, and in a minute was master of the arena, having killed one horse and gored two others, while one matador and a picador were laid out, though not killed.

The fighters became very timid, and plied the sword from the side, being afraid to face the animal, as is usual. Of five bulls, every one was desperate in the blazing light, and horses and fighters were rolled over and tossed in a terrible manner.

One swordsman attempted to kill the bull as he charged, and was caught on the horns and tossed out of the arena almost lifeless. The result of the fight was four horses killed, several torn and crippled, two matadors nearly killed, and several picadors disabled. The dazzling light seemed to make the animals wild. This was the first time bull-fighting has been tried by electric light.

THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

Prof. Goldwin Smith Tells Why Ireland Should Not Have Home Rule.

ITHACA, N. Y., April 30.—In his lecture before the professors and students at Cornell University yesterday on "Recent Changes of English Policy," Prof. Goldwin Smith, the English historian, replied to the question, "Why should not Ireland have home rule?" as follows:

"We English are not a confederation and you cannot make us a confederation without totally altering or subverting the British constitution, without doing away with the sovereign power of parliament and without making Scotland, Ireland and Wales such as they are not. Such fundamental a revolution should be thought of, the component parts of the United Kingdom would not be fit for federal union. That requires a group of equally powerful states and by such confederation you would have Ireland, Scotland and Wales in cabal against England."

Prof. Smith advised his hearers to guard against the tone and tendency of the American press, which, he said, was not so impartial as the Liberal press in Europe. He regarded the outlook for the British nation as not very bright. People begin to talk of terrible things, inasmuch as the English nation has suddenly and unconsciously into democracy without revising her constitution, and with no safeguards. Political wisdom seems now at low ebb, and the traditional good sense of the English people can only be looked to for tiding the ship of state through the present crisis.

A VERITABLE LADY BOUNTIFUL.

After Four Hundred Years a Deaconess is Admitted to the Episcopal Church.

NEW YORK, May 2.—The morning service yesterday in St. George's church was of historic importance. The first deaconesses admitted to the Episcopal church for nearly 400 years, and the first one ever created in America, was duly installed by Bishop Potter in the person of Miss Julia Elizabeth Forneret.

Miss Forneret is of Canadian birth and is a trained nurse of the first quality. For several years she has been active in connection with the immense mission work of St. George's church. In her. Mr. Rainsford saw an opportunity to put in practical shape his dream of reviving the order of Deaconesses in the Episcopal church.

Yesterday he saw the first step taken in the creation of deaconess Forneret. Bishop Potter explained the work the deaconess is expected to perform. She is not a sister, in being under the orders of a superior and devoted to a religious life; but, instead, she remains in the world, mingles with it, but all the time is engaged in church work suited to her sex and capacity. Miss Forneret is a tall, graceful lady, and in the dress of clerical suggestion which she wears looks a veritable Lady Bountiful.

A GREAT COAL POOL

That will Control all the Markets on the Ohio River.

PITTSBURG, April 30.—A gigantic scheme, by which the entire river coal interests from the Monongahela valley to New Orleans will be controlled by one powerful syndicate, is being considered by all the operators between those points.

At a recent meeting held in this city, it was decided that such a combination was necessary for self protection.

It is proposed to take in all the river coal properties from the largest to the smallest firms with a view of controlling the entire river trade.

The syndicate proposes not only to control the coal trade, but to take the owners tow boats plying between here and Cincinnati in the scheme. By getting them into the pool they will have no opposition and will therefore secure the absolute control of the coal markets of Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans and other points. The syndicate when formed, will represent many millions of dollars.

A DISGRACED LEGISLATOR.

Miles H. Dakin Expelled From the Floor of the Michigan House for Attempted Bribery.

LANSING, Mich., April 29.—Late last night arguments in the Miles H. Dakin legislative bribery case were concluded and the case submitted. They House by a vote of 83 to 11, decided that Dakin had endeavored to procure money from F. L. Eaton and John H. Stockleton, ostensibly to corrupt members, but really with a view to appropriating it to his own use.

Of the specific charge that he had placed an estimated price after the names of fifteen members, he was unanimously found guilty.

A resolution that Dakin be expelled from the House was adopted by an unanimous vote.

The Speaker announced he must declare Miles H. Dakin expelled from the floor of the House and from its privileges.

TROUBLE IN THE SHOE TRADE.

Twenty-six Hundred Already Out and More to Follow.

CINCINNATI, May 2.—A very extensive and disastrous lock-out has been inaugurated in shoe factories to-day. It has been the custom for several years for the proprietors and the employes to send delegates to form a board of arbitration for the purpose of fixing the rate of wages each year. Sixteen of the eight assemblies of employes have appointed their delegates, but the two assemblies composed of lasters and fitters, the latter women and girls, have refused to be delegates, Thereupon the proprietors have shut out all the members of these two assemblies, numbering 2,600 persons. Their stopping will soon cause other branches to suspend and a serious interruption will result.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The shipwrights of Belfast have struck for weekly instead of fortnightly payments.

Dr. Moritz Schupert, the eminent surgeon of New Orleans, died last evening, aged 69 years.

One-hundred thousand marks have been collected for a monument at Hanotu, to the Grimm brothers.

To-day is the regular semi-annual settling day at the Bank of England, and is therefore a holiday at the Stock Exchange.

Mr. Nathaniel Newburgh, appraiser of U. S. customs, died at Cincinnati, Sunday, from blood poisoning, superinduced by a carbuncle.

Returns from Maniton county have been received, being the last to be heard from, making a majority against prohibition in Michigan 5,941.

Marker Rush, a well known character in Pittsburg, who a few years ago was worth $500,000, died at the city poor farm to-day of softening of the brain.

Richard Metzler, for whose supposed murder the police arrested August Foerster in Cincinnati on Saturday, has appeared, and says he has been a resident of that city since his disappearance from Wheeler, Pa; that he wrote twice to his wife and telegraphed once, but could get no reply.

Jas. N. Toggart, who for several years has been the paying teller of the Union Trust company, at Nos. 611 and 613 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has absconded. An examination of the books shows a deficit of something less than $100,000. Officials of the bank have given up all hope of his return.

There was much talk on 'Change in St. Louis Monday, that a deal in wheat is being run and that a corner is soon developed. The persons reported to be working the deal are H. B. Brown, ex-president of the American Cotton Oil company, of New York, and William Black & Co., big cotton dealers of New York.

Queen Kapiolani, wife of King Kalakua, of the Hawaiian islands, attended by her sister, Princess Lilinokalini; the princess' husband, Gen. Dominis; the present governor of the islands, Curtis P. Tatkin; his secretary, J. O. Boyd, and suite, arrived in Pittsburg on Saturday and proceeded at once to Washington.

All but one of the big shops of the Chicago Forge & Bolt Co., Forty-third street, burned Monday night. Total loss, $125,000. During the fire Peter Gillet, a spectator, was fatally injured by a falling derrick, and pipeman Wm. Barber had a leg crushed. The shops were immense wooden structures—five in number 500 feet long.

Joseph Chamberlain, in a speech at Glasg